

HEADPRES 9

ADULTS ONLY
£3.50/\$7.00





"I know I can save the situation by a lot of disagreeable work."

HEADPRESS

ISSN 1353-9760

Rage & Torment

Headpress PO Box 160
Stockport Cheshire SK1 4ET
Great Britain

EDITORS

David Kerekes & David Slater

BACK COVER ART

Bob Walker

FRONT COVER

Onibaba

CONTRIBUTORS

Angela, Sierra Charlie, Andrew
Darlington, Mehdi El-Radhi, Steve
Green, Mike Hill, Howard Lake,
Anthony Petkovich, Karen Richards,
Sarah Turner, Simon Whitechapel,
Bob Walker, Ken Wright

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Rob Tennant/Touch and Go, Joolz/Mute
Records, Karren Ablaze!/Southern
Studios, Geoff Cox/Made in Hong Kong,
Donal Ruane/Exploding Cinema, Tartan
Video, Columbia Tristar Video, Ezra/
Vision Collision, Mike Butterworth/
Savoy, Bill Babouris/Merlin's Music Box,
David Lewis/Medusa, Jörg Buttgerreit,
David E. Williams, Sharida Rizzuto,
Franko B, Tim Buggie, Max Bartlett,
Miles Wood, David Greenall, Roger
Sabin, Mark Borkowski, Simon Collins,
Steve Ellison, Craig Ledbetter

HEADPRESS, the journal of sex religion death
#9. Rage & Torment. ISSN 1353-9760. Views
expressed in this publication are not necessarily
those of the editors. All stills © copyright
owners. Other contents © copyright
HEADPRESS 1994 and individual contributors.
Nothing may be reproduced without written
permission. Ideas, suggestions, contributions
and letters are always welcome. Sorry, but no
personal correspondence can be entered into.

EDITORIAL

Laugh? I almost did

Here's a funny thing. To the *NME* pop paper, the word 'snuff' doesn't exist. Better than that, neither should it exist for anyone else because the *NME* won't print that word. In placing an advertisement for several up-and-coming book titles, Creation Press, the publishers of the Kerekes & Slater penned tome, *Killing for Culture*, were forced to undertake impromptu changes in their copy. The reason being: It is not "*NME* policy" to accept ads with the word 'snuff' (and there must be hundreds of those, right?). Consequently, *Killing for Culture* was switched from being *An Illustrated History of Death Film from Mondo to Snuff* to the rather illogical *Illustrated History of Death Film from Mondo to Underground*. What's that? Charing Cross?

Of the aforementioned *Killing for Culture*, sincere apologies to those readers who ordered the book and were kept waiting. Unforeseen problems (including the original printer objecting to the content and leaving it until the 11th hour to pull out, through to our initial shipment of the books going AWOL en route from the publishers) managed to push any original scheduling there may have been right out the window. But, out now it is. (See advertisement at the back of this issue for further details.)

Whilst on the subject of books, one of the things you may notice on looking through this issue is the announcement of a new HEADPRESS publishing imprint, CRITICAL VISION. A series of large-format, fully-illustrated softback books, Critical Vision will be launched later this year and is set to include *Sex Murder Art: The Films of Jörg Buttgerreit*. To put the record straight, this is the book that was initially scheduled to come out last year following our involvement with Creation Press. Things got so far as to it being advertised. However, following several setbacks, culminating in our division with Creation, the book was pulled and now belongs solely with HEADPRESS - repackaged and redesigned and keyed into the Critical Vision masthead.

That's late-Summer, skinny-dippers.

Other than that, everything's *checkin' out*. Yeah. Except, perhaps, events and preparations, as noted above, granting that the appearance of this issue be later than expected. But then, what's new and who's counting? Keep smiling. To close on the words of the inimitable L.T. Peters: "The cool evening breeze rippled the orange reflection of the setting sun on the lake in a peaceful, never-ending rhythm."

David Kerekes

RANT #7 RAGE & TORMENT

HOW CAN IT BE DEFEATED USING THE SIMPLEST OF TOOLS?

Howard Lake

Dear Dave(s),

I'm sorry but I just can't write this fucker. Don't know why I even bothered getting out of bed. Took a shit and the stench was appalling. The stench of my shit could kill unless correct ventilation is afforded. So now I'm crapping out the second storey window into the street. There's some halfway house for ex-mental patients just a few doors down and we've had a fair bit of amusement, the wife and me, watching all the geeks slipping on these great grey greasy turds. Regular little faecal icerink down there. Can't wait for Sunday; might bomb a few churchgoers for pleasure...

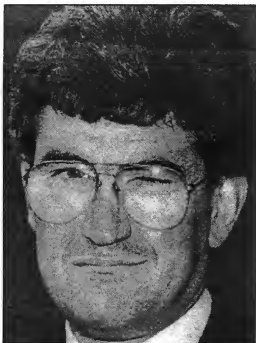
A migraine coming on... know you can sense the bastards coming from way off? Like when you're waiting for a train to come and you know it's a 100 miles down the line, know it's gonna arrive eventually, just no telling when, might be leaves on the line... It'll be a MF of one and no amount of drugs can reason with it, no amount of smashing the head 'gainst the bedpost will back it up. Maybe taking another crap on the pavement might help...

Fuckit: misjudged and left a brown slick down the stucco. Next time, eh..? Ahhhh shit... RAGE & TORMENT. Keeps coming back to haunt me, this R&T. But this is the root of my problem, see? This is what fucks it up, hence the migraine, hence the *fuckin awful* taste in my mouth like someone poured a mix of multigrade + catsick in it last night (maybe someone did...), hence the fact, Dave(s), that if my head don't stop throbbing like a randy stallion's wang and this

monitor screen don't stop throbbing out of focus like *that* and if the cramp in my bloody leg don't go away and my left nut don't stop aching like there's a testicular tumor the size of a grapefruit and that bitch next door don't stop playing that fuckin Whitney Houston LP then I may have to *kill you*, Dave(s), for forcing me to contemplate this arseaching R&T at all...

But then I think about the sad satsuma-munchin' demise of Stephen Milligan MP, proven hypocrite and, well frankly almost one of us. Always lightens the spirits.

How much R&T there? How much of the *essence* of the thing? Did Steve know about it? Did he feel it? Did



Oranges are not the only fruit.

he feel it as he began to turn blue and tasted orange? Was that act of self-immolation a true expression of yer R&T: here's a guy in the act of destroying himself (we are led to believe), going down in flames. all guns blazing

- I AM A PERVERT AND PROUD OF IT - surely knowing the manner of his going would ensure him immortality for all the wrong reasons, yet all the focus of his world, his universe, centred wholly, to the exclusion of all else - even his life - upon the bloated penismeat in his hand; everything, every ounce and fibre of the Self, clutched right there, desperate to milk spermatid droplets of history...

For some reason it cums together... R&T: it makes sense; turning hypersexual desire upon yourself like a shotgun and blowing yourself apart; as profound a focus of R&T as any amount of brooding psychos itching to take his bootyful li'l AK47 down to Burger King for a double whoopaa wipeout and a sideorder of slaughter. Hell, most of these nuts have .32 calibre pricks anyhow; sex is a gun + a gun is sex is what the feminists always say, right?

You see, Dave(s), trouble with R&T is there's just *too much* of it for me to really give a shit. Sure, there's the headline-grabbing showstopper number courtesy of the aforementioned solitary Lugerduck that has you going fuckin' "whew!" as you skin up while watching the news... you know, the sort of R&T manifestation that makes having Cable worthwhile... but that's out of the ordinary, exceptional circumstances and so forth... it's fun while it lasts but over too soon and you're left with the rest of it, left with yourself and your own R&T and those around you and their R&T and that of your friends and your friends' friends and it's all so... *commonplace* is what it is, a shared experience we're all so accustomed to be now we hardly notice it.

Dave(s), you know what I'm getting at, don't you? You know how the ever-present, ever-burgeoning psychosis afflicts one all of us, each man and woman a potential killer etc etc; each of us thinking about planting bombs in public places for kicks... That's why I'm not so sure on this R&T issue; hell, it's a good title and all that and I'm sure you'll find you get some neat copy for the mag: maybe someone could give us the lowdown on sexfrenzy borne out of R&T or a piece on artists who utilize their fury in some sort of cataclysmic 'performance' piece... you know: sound, fury, mutilation, the whole damn weltanschauung stuff... should be cracking.

But the point I'm trying to get across (and not doing so good, either) is that the abundance of R&T in the world is so great it's bloody hard to get a fix on it. I mean, there's an entire generation now who've had such a fill of R&T they can't be fuckin' bothered anymore; they slack back; get wasted; watch TeeVee; occasionally listen to Rollins Band, Nirvana or Rage Against The Machine (groovy name, fellas!) when they feel the need to 'get in touch' with their 'anger' and sense of 'injustice' felt towards the society which spawned them. Call it R&T if you like, but the ubiquity of the emotion makes it introverted to the point of negation. Everyone's fucked and they know it. From generation to generation the creeping feeling is seeping in - oldsters who lived their lives waiting for the sociological utopia they were

supposed to have fought WW2 for finally realize the bastard's never going to arrive, the train never left the shed in the first place, and their children know it, too, and their children just know one thing and one thing only: we got shafted.

But by the time that realization hits it's too late to *do* anything about it, too late to demand your money back. Nowadays, R&T is an inert substance; if it explodes it does so very rarely and even then the explosion can easily be confined to a restricted area and casualties



minimalized - NUT SHOOTS DINERS: 21 DEAD. An explosion of this R&T thing hardly ever happens on the nationwide scale you'd expect when you have entire populations acutely aware they have been socially sodomized on a collective basis for the past 50 years. If it does go up widescale it's *only* the Blacks after 36" TVs and hi-fi systems, or it's *only* a few banner-waving tossers in some toilet of a Third World nation, or it's *only* a bunch of kids pissed up on Superbrew slinging rocks at the cops, or it's *only* a shitty war in some shitty country I never even heard of about something I don't know and don't care to know. Fuck this shit, pal, let's do a bong and watch *Scooby Doo*.

I must confess, Dave(s), that's my reaction, too. Oh, that's not to say I don't ever get *angry* from time to time or feel the world and the drugs and money hassles and the revenue and Council Tax and those nuts from down the road aren't all getting too much and nudging me towards the brink where I'll either start petrolbombing major banks and corporations or end up sat in the corner smeared with shit and chomping on a satsuma (or both). Hell, Dave(s), sometimes I feel fuckin' *crazy*... know the feeling? - you clench and unclench your fists, feel hot, tense, feel ready to scream bloody murder at some poor unfortunate, like the old bint ahead of you at the supermarket checkout whose life is so bereft of meaning she actually clips out those '2p OFF' coupons from the paper *and* fuckin' uses them. On a Saturday morning, too.

Hell, Dave(s), I know it sounds petty - it is - but the ones I *really* want to kill, I mean *genuinely* want to kill, or at least see come to some harm, are an extraordinary bunch: gameshow contestants, Gary Bushell, James Whale, the bastard who stole my beloved black top coat

at the Scala all those years ago. Jeremy Beadle, several ex-landlords of mine, Mr Blobby, Nicholson Baker, someone who picked a fight with me in a pub six years ago... The list goes on and on and I'll spare you the full roll-call, suffice to say I could fill the magazine with those on my *death cart*, but that might spark a trend, everyone might start doing it and next we'll know it'll be SICKO MAG PRINTS HIT LIST headlines, someone'll snuff Kevin Costner and they'll blame me.

All that's amateur hatred. I know. Too much TV and not enough developing a 'conscious' approach to life. But, look, if you want to go throw bricks at the Nazis or stuff like that, feel free. Good on ya. Fight for the trees in the path of motorway bulldozers, I'll applaud your spunk. Whatever gets you going and so on... If your antipathy towards the Way It Is is such, then go on, express your R&T... Just not round my way, yeah?

I'm almost 30. Maybe R&T is a young thing after all: the shit always hits the youngest hardest; all that hope and expectation not yet beaten out of you by the savage realities of existence etc... No wonder the current trend is to examine your childhood in minute detail: everyone looking for clues; what went wrong? why am I such a fuckup now? No wonder it seems we almost *want* to uncover some long-repressed trauma that has indelibly tinted our life. Sometimes it feels as though we're looking at our human disasters, our killers, rapists, child abusers etc, with envy, casting our eyes over the patterns of childhood neglect or abuse common to nearly all those screwups that we might detect parallels in our own experience, something, *anything*, that might account for why we never made it in our chosen vocation, never sustained relationships or marriages, never were able to resist drink, drugs or promiscuity, and why we never became part of the common herd. Watch any talk show and see this in action: We The People, whining with a collective voice, our Rage and Torment, our Pain, our Agony, neatly parcelled into 10-minute segments between commercials and arbitred by the Moon Goddess of R&T, Oprah.

Mass therapy sessions have become our civilization's way of coping with the R&T of life. Of course, they don't really need help, but we can't see any other option short of wholesale suicide or burning down the Whitehouse, so we'll stick it for now. The problem is part of the solution, but when there is no solution, no way of easing the pain, the disappointment, the disillusionment, when there is no way of ever becoming something other than what you are – be you a psychopathic killer or downtrodden panel beater or alcoholic housewife – a fixation on the source, something at which to jab an accusing finger, comes in real handy... "Yeah, well I'm fat, broke and boring but when I was a kid I..."

Don't get me wrong, Dave(s). I'm not saying these folk ain't got a genuine grouse. But the adolescent trauma biz is getting out of hand methinks. Anti-existentialism is what it is, a hankering to the past that never existed; a *major* trend right now – think 'Back To Basics'; 'White

Is Right'; 'Victorian Values'; 'A Christian America'... every one an exercise in futility taken to a terrifying degree; every one symptomatic of this contemporary desire to flee to the soft juicy tit of a fantasized Mommy Cuddles who'll hold you to her dugs and coo: "There *there*, now. Is the nasty world *cruel* to li'l babykins...?"

And it is. *It is*. The world is cruel! wail the Jesushumpin' Moron Majority – Look at us! We serve the Lord, we fight for the rights of the Unborn, we *kill* for Jesus and *still* we're unhappy and unattractive with our kids on drugs and our spouse demanding unnatural sex and lacking any point to our living...

The world is cruel! laments Tory Englande, we've remortgaged every dream we had, sold off the silver for pennies, kept the faith and *still* no middle-class Utopia, *still* we pay + pay + pay simply for the right to live another day...

The world is cruel!! screams the Southern Klansman – for all my bigotry and hatred over the years *still* there's fags 'n' queers 'n' commies 'n' niggers with dicks 10x the size of mine who wanna fuck my daughter. . It just ain't *fair*!!!

The world is cruel!!! whine the 50something ex-hippies – we wore flowers in our hair, we screwed around, we did acid and hoped for a better world, but they plugged Lennon. Man, they took out our leaders and fucked with our karma and forced us to go to work for The Man, *and* my hair's falling out!!!

So you see, Dave(s), you start to wonder why bother even thinking about it? You see, Rage & Torment is the realm of the excuses, where our impotence to actually do anything about our situation has us falling back on those old standbys of blaming anything and anyone but ourselves for the shit in which we find ourselves standing. 90s R&T isn't that self-centred, self-destructive artistic crap so beloved of poets of old, drowning in laudanum or modern-day rock stars seeking self-justification as to why they *had* to fuck a truckload of bimbos and trash the hotel room (are you listening, Axl Rose?). No, such self-indulgent R&T is little more than a sideshow tacked on to the Main Attraction, the whole Global Psychosis in which we're all mired. The boat is sinking and there's no fuckin life rafts. Excuses are all we have and all we have to listen to. No one's looking forward. No one's making suggestions. No one's coming up with a few *answers*.

Because there *are no answers*. If you're in a plane plummeting groundwards from 30,000ft, who the hell has time to go upfront and ask the pilot "Why?" You're too busy holding on to your ass and trying not to pepper your trolleys, aren't you? – as if it'll matter a few minutes later when your shithole and your colon are spread two miles apart...

Yet everyone has the feeling that *someone* should ask, on our behalf. Y'know, tap on the shoulder of someone in authority: "Erm, 'scuse me, we were just wondering..."

But would *you*? Could you be bothered? I mean, here we all are, all of us supposedly filled with so *much* R&T

we could spontaneously combust at any second – surely, one of us could seek out a few answers, a couple of explanations...

Don't make it me, tho'. Too much on my hands right now. Things to, um, do, y'know. And, anyway, why ask questions when you already know the answers? We know the answer to the question "any answers?" to be that there are thousands, millions of answers but none of them will tell you a damn thing; none of them will empower you, end poverty, war, famine, cruelty, disaster etc and so on; none of them will ease the R&T that simmers within you, which preys on your fear and inadequacies. And if you don't know *why* you feel the way you do; if you don't know *what* you can do; if you can't find any solutions to the way you feel, then what do you do? Where do you take your R&T?



You've seen them, Dave(s), haven't you? Twisted faces of righteous outrage milling around Preston Courthouse, faces contorted with rage behind which lies a burning desire to *kill*, to *exact retribution upon*, two pre-teen boys, two boys all fucked-up, *evil beyond belief*, two examples of the malformed psychological misfits now running amok in our society. And the faces of the mob, those twisted faces, are that way through *fear* and *terror* of the abomination in our midst. Was that lynch-mob fervour directed *solely* at those boys? I don't think so, guys: I see it aimed squarely at the big Everything, the big Fear. When killers are uncared within us, we don't like it – we get frightened – and we rage against them much as a terminal cancer case rages against the tumour that grew so silently inside him. He never knew; we never knew such *monsters* stalked the same streets we trod every day. It scares us and we respond as one

when the beast is brought to ground. When society gets its due we all want to be there to witness its end. As though by bearing witness to the exorcism of one demon we will prevent others from creeping through our peaceful slumber.

But it doesn't work like that and, daily, new demons spring up from the Hell we have created, each more hideous than the last. And for all our collective wailing and gnashing of teeth and beating of our breast, for all our storming of courtrooms and baying for mob-justice, for all our pleas to Jesus, for all our notions of 'good citizenship', for all our 'random acts of kindness', for all our demand for more Law and Order, for all our self-discipline, for all our clinging to the lifebelt of decency, for all our efforts to play peacemaker, for all our charity...

The downward spiral continues.

And it can't be stopped.

So why the fuck bother, eh, guys?

Yours Facially,

LAKE

REALM OF THE VAMPIRE

YOU are invited to enter the REALM OF THE VAMPIRE and join the legion of aficionados dedicated to the preservation of vampirism.

Full membership in this distinguished society includes:

1 120 page journals published twice a year

2 12 page newsletters published twice a year

3 exclusive lists of vampire books & films

membership card

NEW ADDITION WITH MEMBERSHIP: Classified catalogue 60+ pages.

All journals and newsletters contain articles about the legends and historical evidence of vampirism; articles about gothic literature and other gothic-related topics; reviews of current as well as old vampire books and films; interviews with individuals involved with the gothic/vampire genre; news about the latest activities among the gothic/vampire community; poetry and fiction; historical & gothic vampire/necromantic themes; plus plenty of suitable artwork and an extensive free classified section.

We also offer a book and video search service.

We hold vampire forums and meetings, and we have a writers' group. All are held in New Orleans – the home of vampires, old European style below-ground tomb cemeteries, Anne Rice, and the Anne Rice's Lestat fan Club. Submissions are always welcome. Write for writers and artists guidelines.

As a member of our society you will enter a massive world where nocturnal creatures dwell. They belong to you to join them in a higher realm of existence. It is an experience that will last an eternity.

Full 1 year membership: \$12 (incl \$5 overseas)

Or enter a single copy of the 120 page journal: \$7.50 (incl \$5 overseas)

We accept money-orders only. Thank you.

Make it out to: REALM OF THE VAMPIRE - DIVISION
BAKER STREET PUBLICATIONS

Send to: Realm of the Vampire, PO Box 517, Metairie, LA
70004-0517 (Enclose S.A.S.E. with all correspondence)

DEAD SEXY

"If you've got a nice fresh corpse, show him out." *The Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain.

Simon Whitechapel

Human beings find sexual interest in an infinite variety of situations and objects, displaying in Freud's famous phrase a polymorphous perversity that has found to date no greater individual exponent than America's Albert Fish, a withered scrap of sexual psychopathology active in New York early this century.

Despite the frailty of his appearance (his photographs evince a startling resemblance to the elder half of the firm of Steptoe and Son), he displayed an incredible energy and ingenuity in his pursuit of sexual satisfaction, cramming more perversion into single afternoons than many of us manage in a lifetime. Some of his sexual tastes, although outré – among other things he was a urolagnic paedophile who enjoyed inserting needles into his scrotum and performing auto-buggery with a frankfurter – he shared, and shares, with many down the years; others, such as a predilection for the insertion of flower stems into his urethra, seem unique to him. However, the diligent student of his career will undoubtedly find one question of great interest: did Albert do it with corpses?

Alas, history does not record, and the CV of sexual psychopathology's Mr Big remains sadly incomplete. Was it lack of definite opportunity or lack of inclination? Let us trust it was the former, for necrophilia would undoubtedly make most people's top five paraphilias and it would seem almost remiss of Mr Fish not to have at least harboured thoughts in its direction.

Unfortunately for us Brits, the evidence is clear for the man who would probably be favourite for our own entry for the Polymorphously Perverse Hall of Fame. Unless Dennis Nilsen is being less than frank with us, his own (turd-)stab at *post mortem* pleasure found him not up to the job. Quite literally: Brian Masters' *Killing For Company* records that Nilsen was unable to sustain an erection when trying to penetrate a freshly strangled corpse¹.

But then necrophilia is not the commonest of sexual practices. Opportunities for its practice, particularly today,

are limited and although discussion of it almost invariably includes such stories as the Egyptian prohibition on the handing over of female corpses to mummy technicians before the passing of a three-day shag-by date and the opportunistic entrepreneurship of Marilyn Monroe's funeral attendant (\$5.00 a go), it's doubtful that much more than eyebrows would be raised by Colin Wilson's assertion, in his discussion of a morgue attendant who had sex with female corpses, that "many highly-sexed teenage boys might do the same, given the opportunity"². Or is it?



Marilyn: K. 00.

Necrophilia in literature

Necrophilia may be at least as old as the Trojan War (c. 1250 BC). Toward the end of it, Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons, lent her assistance to the Trojan king, Priam. She fought against the Greek hero Achilles, was killed by him, and had her armour stripped from her in traditional fashion. The beauty of her naked body then so struck Achilles that he shed tears for having killed her – according to some tale-tellers. According to others, a different body fluid was involved.

some even claim that...he ran her through, fell in love with her dead body, and committed necrophily on it there and then.³

So wrote Robert Graves, who called "Achilles's outrage of her corpse" characteristically Homeric, and suggested that the episode was removed from *The Iliad* by its ancient editors. But necrophilia may have seen its greatest historical flowering thousands of years later during the Victorian period, fertilized by a mixture of sexual

repression and an almost universal acquaintance with necrophilia's raw materials. The Victorians were familiar from childhood with death and dead bodies. How many of them succumbed to a corpse's charms as Dennis Nilsen later would? and became passively or actively necrophile is perhaps impossible to decide. The rarity of necrophile pornography from the period might seem to suggest that then, as now, it was a decidedly minority interest. Spencer H. Ashbee's great catalogue of VicPorn, the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, lists a rare example in a book called *LASCIVIOUS GEMS; set to suit every Fancy. By Several Hands*:

10. *The Strange Communication from Philip Handful to Clara* contains a tale of corpse profanation, so positively nauseous, and accompanied by details so outrageously filthy, that any fuller notice of it is out of the question. [pg. 243]

Does this rarity of necrophile porn reflect a general lack of interest, or Ashbee's lack of interest, or simply the fact that necrophiles don't tend to become aware of the existence of others and so don't realize that a market for personal reminiscence or fantasization exists?

Or was, in fact, necrophile literature so widely available during the Victorian and Edwardian periods that out-and-out porn was never needed? Porn doesn't necessarily have to be about activity: sometimes all that's needed is a description or representation of the object of interest: the imagination of the reader or viewer supplies the rest. For mainstream sex, the object of interest is the naked male or female body, which was not a respectable subject for literary treatment in Victorian times; for necrophilia, it is death or dead bodies, and these have always been eminently respectable subjects for literary treatment. After all, a central image of the religion dominant in the West for the past seventeen hundred years has been that of a semi-naked dead or dying man on a Roman gallows. Death was everywhere in the Victorian world, and everywhere in Victorian literature.

Of course, an interest in death does not a necrophile make – necessarily. One of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's biographers, the American Charles Higham, seems to assume that it does. Doyle was certainly interested in death and its concomitants: the Sherlock Holmes stories prove that his taste for pain, suffering and disease is

quite equal to that of late twentieth-century television executives and journalists. Higham selects one passage in these for special attention. In *The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter*, Holmes and Watson trace an AWOL university athlete to a lonely cottage and a bedroom where

A woman, young and beautiful, was lying dead on the bed. Her calm, pale face, with dim, wide-opened blue eyes, looked upwards from amid a mass of tangled golden hair.

But is this an appeal to Victorian sexual tastes as well as to Victorian sentimentality? The story was accompanied by illustrations on its appearance in *The Strand Magazine*, and the bedroom scene is amongst these. Holmes is tapping the shoulder of a young man kneeling at the bedside. Watson is gazing ambiguously at the beautiful young corpse. Did the illustrator, Sidney Paget, reflect Doyle's writing or his own reading of it?

Does such a question reflect much more than the prurience of the person who asks it? Higham's imputation of necrophile tendencies, incipient or otherwise, to Doyle is impossible to take entirely seriously, particularly when his probable misreading of another Doyle story, *The Leather Funnel*, is taken into account. According to Higham, the story, which is woven around the eponymous instrument used in the torture of a youngish blonde in fifteen-century France, doesn't actually say where the instrument is used. The story's narrator sleeps with a curious old leather funnel on his pillow and dreams of a room, a torture chamber, "not unlike a modern gymnasium". A woman is strapped to a wooden horse and a horrifying scene of torture begins to play itself out:

A man had entered the room with a bucket of water in either hand. Another followed with a third bucket... one of the varlets approached [the woman] with a dark object in his hand... It was a leathern filler. With horrible energy he thrust it – but I could stand no more... I writhed, I struggled, I broke through the bonds of sleep.

However, the punchline of the story is that certain mysterious marks on the funnel's tough leather were made by the torturee's teeth. Unless she was in possession of a vagina literally *dentata*, the funnel was used exactly where one would expect it to be. The temporarily unresolved ambiguity of the story, if such there is, probably had more to do with Doyle's sometimes sick sense of humour than with sexual psychopathology.

The same is true – truer – of *The Wrong Box*, Robert Louis Stevenson's 1887 collaboration with son-in-law Lloyd Osborne. This slight story of the misadventures and mix-ups involving a giant barrel and an enormous box, the former containing a decaying corpse, the latter a marble statue of Hercules, is dead funny. And sick. Not all the jokes are corpse-jokes, but there are enough, more than enough some people might think. The book was extremely popular, reprinted twice in its year of issue, and seeing more than a dozen further editions before the First World War. Necrophiles might have enjoyed the



book along with everyone else, but it isn't possible to claim that it was written especially for them.

Dracula might well have been. Its sexual undercurrents are powerful, and not always so very "under": sado-masochism, lesbianism, homosexuality, erotic cannibalism and necrophilia surface regularly in the book. Even though it has probably received enough attention recently, one passage in it is definitely worthy of attention in this survey:

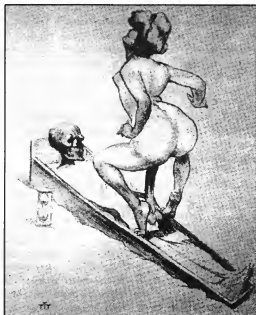
Van Helsing set about his work systematically. Holding his candle so that he could read the coffin plates, and so holding it that the sperm dropped in white patches which congealed as they touched the metal, he made assurance of Lucy's coffin.⁶

Did "sperm" mean to the Victorians what it means to present-day Elizabethans? Up to a point. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines sperm first as "the generative substance or seed of male animals", and cites eleven extracts, the last from 1878. However, it also defines sperm as "candles or oil" made from spermaceti (the waxy white substance that gave sperm whales their name). The extended sense in which Stoker seems to be using the word here, namely "the substance of spermaceti candles", isn't given, so it probably wasn't very common. But what if Van Helsing's candle wasn't made from spermaceti? *Dracula* was published in 1897. Were sperm candles still in common use in the 1890s? If not, the sense given to sperm in the extract would seem to be "the molten white substance generated by a lit candle". Molten substances are of course liquid, and candles are well-known phallic symbols. And even if the candle is made of spermaceti, it's still possible to read "sperm" in this sense. Bram Stoker may, subconsciously or otherwise, have been suggesting masturbation over the coffin of a beautiful young woman.⁷

But suggestion is probably the most one can read into the passage. The paradox may be that while in the nineteenth century conditions strongly promoted the appearance of necrophilia, the same conditions made explicit reference to it almost impossible; in the twentieth century, fewer people are acquainted less often with death at first hand, and one would expect necrophilia to be correspondingly rarer, and yet explicit reference to it becomes less and less taboo.

It appears unambiguously in the work of Clark Ashton Smith, one of H.P. Lovecraft's "eldritch horror" circle. A far better writer than Lovecraft and on a smaller scale more inventive, Smith often wrote stories that were too strong in their original form for the pages of *Weird Tales* and its sister pulps. One might wonder what originally appeared in *The Witchcraft of Ullua*:

...the odor of putrefaction still lingered; and Amalzin could swear that the corpse of a woman, two weeks dead and teeming with maggots, had lain closely at his side in the darkness... he awoke from ill dreams, to find about him the stiffened arms of long-dead succubi, or to feel at his side the amorous trembling of fleshless skeletons... he was kissed nauseously by lips that were oozing tatters of corruption...⁸



In the same short-story collection, a comatose woman is dispatched prematurely to the hillside burial vaults of an ancient aristocratic family, and is raped in her coffin by a ghoul. She later gives birth to a creature that shares its father's predilection for rotting meat. The story is not one of Smith's best, but instances of his necrophile theme can be multiplied from his work. In *The Empire of the Necromancers*, a pair of black magicians enter the dead city of Yethlyroom and reign over its re-animated people

dead laborers made their palace to bloom... lichens and skeletons toiled for them in the mines... [c]hamberlains and princes of old were their cupbearers... stringed instruments were plucked for their delight by the slim hands of empresses... Those that were fairest, whom the plague and the worm had not ravaged overmuch, they took for their lemans and made to serve their necrophilic lust.⁹

Less sexually explicit but in some ways sicker is a book by a far more famous, English author. If *The Wrong Box* is the leaded cosh of thanatic humour, Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* is the bamboo sliver under the fingernail. Waugh was a Catholic and the Catholic Church, while anathematizing such gross abnormalities as homosexuality and masturbation, has not hesitated to enjoin necrophilia on its adherents. The incorruptible corpses of saints are kissed and caressed throughout the Catholic world. Waugh came to grips with one in Italy

9th March is St Catherine of Bologna's day. She is the only saint I have ever shaken hands with. She has been dead 500 years but sits bolt upright in a little chair in her nun's habit, face hands & feet bare & rather black but still very supple & fragrant.¹⁰

In America, he was fascinated by the secular necrolatry of Forest Lawns, a Californian funeral parlor-cum-

necropolis that appears in *The Loved One*, only slightly transfigured, as Whispering Glades. The Britisher hero of the story, Dennis Barlow, works in The Happier Hunting Ground, a pets' funeral parlor-cum-cemetery that aspires humbly to the high dignity and income of Whispering Glades. Barlow keeps his lunch in a refrigerator with the "small cadavers" that provide him with a living; he dispatches cards reminding former owners that their pet "is thinking of you in heaven today and wagging his tail"; one day he is involved in the processing of a Loved One at Whispering Glades

over her sharply supported left breast were embroidered the words.
Mortuary Hostess

and meets Aimée Thanatogenos, a beautiful, unbalanced, half-educated cosmetician. Their romance is mostly genuine, partly, on Barlow's part, industrial espionage. But Aimée is loved also by the chief embalmer of Whispering Glades. Mr Joyboy, who woos her with the "Radiant Childhood Smile" that it is his speciality to manipulate into the faces of the corpses he sends to her for maquillage. There are many gruesome details of mortuary work in *The Loved One*, much black humour, and a species of happy ending.

The novel was translated into Spanish in 1982 by the little-known Andalusian neo-decadent Jesús Ignacio Aldapuerta. The translation is said to be a poor one; Aldapuerta had little time to consider revising it, because he died later in the same year. Manuscripts of his most extreme stories are said to have been buried with him¹¹. Given what he published during his lifetime, this is a little difficult to believe. Spanish copies of his work are rare, English even rarer: a single short-story collection, *The Eyes*, was translated in 1979 by Aldapuerta himself, and published at his own expense. He hoped by putting his work into the "international idiom" that he might achieve some of the success that had eluded him in his mother tongue. The translation is bad, to put it mildly, but this is perhaps partly intentional: the horrors of the text are rather thrown into relief than otherwise by the oddity of the English. In *Yin and Yang*, for example, Aldapuerta describes a mysterious figure, living alone in Antarctica(?), who comes across a crashed Jumbo jet full of dead Japanese women:

At the end of one row, at the left, he found the fire which he had seen. It was burning in the lap of a woman with a black silk dress with a silver idiographic brooch on a breast – or rather to say, through her lap: the floor was ruptured underneath her... and she had been raped, both vaginal and anally, and perhaps necrophilically also, by phallic metal and plastic shafts of the plane's piping and wiring, spearing upwards at the sky... the fire was small but yet burning fiercely... in an intense small flower of flame one metre or so from her breasts. She had been cooked by it, and his mouth filled with the smell of rich, overdone meat and smouldered silk.

The figure amuses himself by cutting body parts from the women and making patterns in the snow with them. *Yin and Yang* reads like something scripted by the Marquis

de Sade from drawings by Salvador Dalí. Another story in the collection, *Handful*, even more inadvisable to read on a full stomach, describes an obese paedophile arrested by South American police and put into a cell with the eight-year-old girl he has just purchased for sex. The paedophile rapes and strangles the girl and then disposes of the evidence against him by eating the corpse, performing sex acts with it as he does so. This blackest of black comedy is found throughout the collection.¹²

Salman Rushdie probably thought he too was practising black comedy in *The Satanic Verses* in his descriptions of a brothel staffed by prostitutes named after the wives of the prophet Muhammed. The joke, of course, has ended up being on him. One of the offending passages was this:

Strangest of all was the whore who had taken the name of "Zainab bint Khuzaimah", knowing that this wife of Muhammed had recently died. The necrophilia of her lovers, who forbade her to make any movements, was one of the more unsavoury aspects of the new regimes at the Curtain. But business was business, and this, too, was a need that the courtesans fulfilled. (pg. 382 of 1988 Viking hardback)

Like all authoritarian systems, Islam is quite happy with death and killing people or descriptions of these things, but is not at all happy with pleasure, particularly sexual pleasure. A combination of respectable death and unrespectable sex is probably particularly disgusting to the orthodox Muslim mind, and if an association with Muhammed is added it's difficult to understand how Rushdie thought he wasn't going to cause offence. Perhaps he was relying on the fact that the book is so boring and pretentious that few people seemed likely to make it past the first chapter.

...and in reality

Necrophiles are amongst the rarest, or most cunning, of sexual deviants but have been well documented in sexological literature from the nineteenth century onward. Earlier than that, an obsessive interest in corpses doesn't seem to have been seen as potentially sexual. George Selwyn (1719-91), who was expelled from Oxford for "a blasphemous travesty of the Eucharist"¹³, had an interest in corpses that was seen simply as an eccentricity: a friend of his, the 1st Lord Holland, was told on his death-bed that Selwyn had tried to see him and been turned away, and remarked, "If Mr Selwyn calls again, shew him up: if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he would like to see me."¹⁴ This was meant, and was taken, as a joke.

Later, however, an interest in corpses came to be seen as potentially less innocent. Necrophilia was discussed and analysed by sexologists like Krafft-Ebing and Havelock Ellis and by the end of the nineteenth century Selwyn's eccentricity would have been seen as a perversion. But if necrophilia was a perversion, it was amenable to psychological analysis like any other perversion. One theory from the time is that the impulse towards sex with a corpse is an extreme form of sadism:

a corpse can never say no to anything. Sergeant Bertrand, a famous French necrophile active around 1847, is sometimes advanced as evidence for this reading. Bertrand progressed from masturbation over corpses through sex with corpses

"I cannot describe what I felt during that time. But all my enjoyment with living women is nothing compared to it."¹¹

to mutilation of corpses, sometimes taken to the length of ripping their bellies open and tearing out their entrails. Colin Wilson suggests that Bertrand was an extreme sadist who, almost out of public spiritedness, directed his darkest impulses at partners who couldn't be hurt by them: all Bertrand's "masochistic" partners died naturally and were dug up in graveyards. Across the Channel seventy years later, John Reginald Halliday Christie was a DIY necrophile who persuaded living women to inhale Friar's balsam, a chest remedy, mixed, unbeknownst to them, with coal gas. Whether he then had sex with an unconscious or dead partner probably wasn't very important – as long as they were in no state to know the size of what he used on them, Reggie "No Dick" Christie was probably happy. (Timothy Evans, who lived in the same house as Christie and was hanged for Christie's murder of Mrs Evans, probably wasn't.) In time, however, Christie may have become a genuine necrophile by the process of association that is discussed at the end of this article.

Across the Atlantic thirty years after Christie, Adam Parfrey's *Apocalypse Culture* presents what would seem to be the rarest form of a rare breed, the female necrophile. Karen Greenlee didn't work in funeral homes just for the money:

People have this misconception that there must be penetration for sexual gratification, which is bull!... there are different aspects of sexual expression: touchy-feely, 69, even holding hands. The body is just lying there, but it has what it takes to make me happy. The cold, the aura of death, the smell of death, the funereal surroundings, it all contributes.¹²

So what of the mechanics of the grisly deed? Karen Greenlee practices non-penetrative sex. Perhaps an encounter with an additive-free male corpse, allowed to follow its natural putrefactory course, would lead her to consider new forms of gratification. The ten-week-old corpse of a man called Peter Plogojowitz, suspected of post-mortem vampirism, was dug up, staked through the heart, and burnt in the village of Kisilova in Serbia in 1725. An account of the exhumation mentions certain "wild signs" (*wilde Zeichen*) that occurred during the staking and over which the official giving the account "pass[ed] by out of high respect". This is assumed to mean that the corpse had, or achieved during the staking, an erection:

Such erections, according to the coroners I have spoken to, actually result from the bloating, with decomposition, of the sexual organs... Spitz [a forensic scientist] discusses physiological aspects of the matter in greater detail.¹³

Death may be a cure for male penis envy in more ways than one. Whether such an erection would be useful to a female or homosexual necrophile is perhaps doubtful. Putrefaction would be relatively advanced, and even if the stomach of the necrophile was strong, the flesh of his or her partner might be weak. Other erect male corpses, however, may be far fresher. There is a persistent tradition that a man's death by hanging produces a powerful and long-lasting erection. This tradition has some basis in fact.

priapism [is] an occasional sequel to cervical fracture-dislocation...the mechanism [being] release of an inhibitory centre in the medulla or higher upon the *nervi erigentes*, the parasympathetic fibres that arise from the third and fourth sacral segments.¹⁴

In other words, neck injury can sometimes cause a chronic or permanent erection. This kind of erection is far likelier to be of use to the necrophile interested in being penetrated¹⁵. To those interested in penetrating, suitable corpses will be in plentiful supply. Something little known,





Naked and dead in the coffin.

and little represented in death scenes in literature or on film, is that death sets more than the soul free. The bowels and bladder depend on muscular tension to remain closed. A fresh corpse has no muscular tension and so the dignified and tearful farewell taken of friends and family by countless fictional characters on the point of death would, in real life, be succeeded by a noisy release of inhibitions and a large cleaning bill. To a predatory necrophile, therefore, a fresh corpse can deny nothing: all interesting orifices are easily accessible. Whether the accompanying slackness of these orifices can be overcome by suitable disposal of the corpse's limbs, or whether the slackness is a problem at all, I am not sure. If it is, perhaps patience is all that it is needed. After a period that depends on both internal and external temperature, rigor mortis will tighten things to a degree unknown during life; when rigor mortis has worn off and putrefaction proper began, renewed slackness may be compensated for by the heat and natural lubrication putrefaction generates.

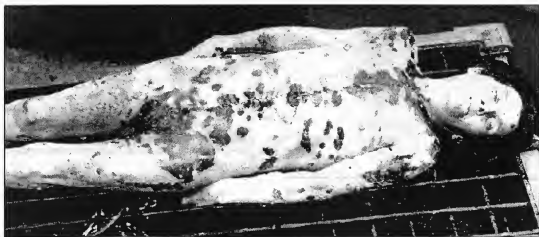
Simply the thought of this is disgusting to most people, which is exactly what one would expect to be the case. All higher animals are probably "hardwired" to find the sight and smell of a dead and rotting member of their own species peculiarly repulsive: what killed X, if it's a member of the same species, is unlikely to be harmless to Y, and vice versa. In human beings, however, instinct isn't necessarily acted on. For example, it's instinctive for an animal to avoid pain, but masochistic human beings actually seek it out because it's a very powerful sensation and if used in the right way can intensify its apparent opposite, pleasure. In the same way, perhaps,

the powerful feelings of repulsion felt by humans towards things like faeces or decomposing corpses could heighten the pleasure of sexual activity carried out with these things. If disgust becomes associated with pleasure, disgust can become pleasurable.

This kind of sexual association isn't always deliberate. Many fetishes and perversions arise because extraneous things accidentally associated with sexual pleasure become bound up with it at a subconscious level. Certain schools of Buddhist monk use "rotting corpse contemplation" to overcome feelings of lust, and it shouldn't be surprising to learn that this kind of mental exercise can go wrong and produce necrophilic tendencies. Muscular Christians who take cold showers to stop thinking of sex may end up taking cold showers in order to start.

And religion doesn't always produce necrophiles accidentally. In the branch of Hinduism known as Tantra, necrophilia can actually be a form of sacrament. In orthodox Hinduism, corpses are uniquely polluting objects – that is why orthodox Hindus must "cleanse" their dead by cremation. Tantrism turns orthodox Hinduism on its head, rather as Western Satanism turns Roman Catholicism on its, and so some Tantric rituals involve sex with corpses. Just as feelings of disgust may heighten the sexual pleasure of necrophilia, so the feelings of blasphemy may heighten the religious power of a necrophilic ritual.

Necrophilia will retain this power to disgust or excite as long as human beings remain fascinated by or fearful of death and interested in or frightened by sex – in other words, as long as human beings remain human beings in the sense we know the term. Perhaps this will change as we ourselves change when the new technologies eventually begin to exercise the influence present-day hype claims they will. Perhaps not. J.G. Ballard has suggested that the full perversity of which human beings are capable has never yet been achieved but will when the personal worlds promised by virtual reality are realized. What price necrophilia then?



Exhibition of decay. The image is the handle of the necrophile.

Notes

1. Masters, who went on to write a biography of Jeffrey Dahmer, has himself been accused of latent necrophile tendencies by *Private Eye* (in 814, Feb. 1993).
2. *A Criminal History of Mankind*, ch. 2, pg. 64 of the 1990 Grafton paperback.
3. Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths* 2, pg. 313
4. Nilsen attributes his necrophilia partly to the effect on him of the ritual laying-out of his dead grandfather. See *Killing For Company*.
5. In fact, to neither. The story appeared after Victoria's death, but only by a few years.
6. Bram Stoker, *Dracula*, ch. XV, "Dr. Seward's Diary".
7. When the coffin is opened, however, the beautiful young woman, who has turned into a vampiress, proves not to be there.
8. Clark Ashton Smith, *The Abominations of Yondo*, pg. 31-2 of the 1974 Panther paperback.
9. *Lost Worlds Vol 1: Zothique, Averogine and others*, pg. 15 of the 1974 Panther paperback.
10. *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*, ed. Mark Amory, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1980, pg. 287
11. "The Divine Master Re-Born: Literary Decadence and Sadistic Pornography in Modern French Literature", an essay by Harriet Cornelius in *Festschrift for William R. Grant*, University of Kennought Press, Lexwell, 1990. Aldapuerta, who lived some years in Lyons, is briefly discussed.
12. One of the most disturbing aspects of the collection is that Aldapuerta seems to know whereof he speaks.
13. *Dictionary of National Biography*.
14. *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, under Holland, 1st Lord.
15. Colin Wilson, *The Misfits*, ch. 7, pg. 154 of the 1989 Grafton paperback.
16. *The Unrepentant Necrophile*, in *Apocalypse Culture*, ed. Adam Parfrey, Feral House, 1987.
17. Paul Barber, *Vampires, Burial and Death*, Yale University Press, New York, 1988, pg. 9
18. William B. Ober, *Bottoms Up: A Pathologist's Essays on Medicine and the Humanities*, Allison & Busby, London, 1990, pg. 73.
19. I had a vague memory that Balzac's *Droll Stories* included a story about an old maid who bribed a hangman to deliver the corpse of a newly hanged thief into her bed for this reason. The thief came back to life during her preparations for sex, and in the end she had to marry him - or he had to marry her. I haven't been able to track the story down but I'm sure it exists somewhere.

Bibliography

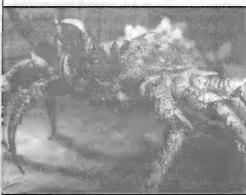
- Aldapuerta, Jesús Ignacio: *The Eyes (Los Ojos)*, Ediciones Jia, Madrid, 1984.
- Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan: *Sherlock Holmes: The Complete Illustrated Short Stories*, Chancellor Press, London, 1985. *The Conan Doyle Stories*, Blitz Editions, Enderby, Leicestershire, 1990
- Graves, Robert: *The Greek Myths* 2, Penguin, 1955
- Stevenson, Robert Louis & Osbourne, Lloyd: *The Wrong Box*
- Waugh, Evelyn: *The Loved One*

Simon Whitechapel is the author of *The Slaughter King* a shocking novel of depraved horror and murder. See merchandise listing for availability.

COMPETITION

COURTESY COLUMBIA TRISTAR VIDEO

TICKS



WE'VE GOT 4 COPIES OF THE INSECT VS TEENS FILM TO GIVE AWAY. JOT DOWN THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS BELOW AND MAIL THEM IN PRONTO.

1. What onomatopoeic word is used to describe the sound of a watch or clock?
2. What small mark or symbol is set against items in a list for checking?
3. Name the uncontrollable nervous muscular spasm that can often occur on the face.
4. What is the original name for noughts and crosses?

All correct entries will be swirled around in a large sack and four will be randomly chosen by our blindfolded secretary. Shortly after, those four lucky people will receive a copy of TICKS through the mail.

**TICKS: HEADPRESS, PO BOX 160,
STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE, SK1 4ET, UK.**

media burn

Neo-Cinema Has Just Exploded!

David Kerekes

A darkened auditorium. Perspiration gumming trousers to seats while beef and chutney sandwiches nestle on the clingfilm of a dozen laps. Such is the late-night film festival. The odor. The cramps. The secular enui.

Late night film festivals. Nocturnal tar-pits where films flicker, one-, two-, three in the morning, one after another, through sinking eyelids. Innumerable title credits against worn-out retinas.

No one really wants to sit through that stuff. *Films*. Not at that time of the night. Films are the hard-centre after the bar closes, your mates retreat, and the lights have gone down.

The Exploding Cinema, however, seem to have drawn late-night viewing to its abstract conclusion. Theirs is an auditorium without retreat. In the Exploding Cinema, the bar is the theatre and the films a backdrop for Watney's Brown Ale and chat.

Of course, you're not always watching films as such.

Cut-up images, several at once, are projected onto walls and ceilings. Looping endlessly... or at least until something breaks. Bits of *Fiend Without a Face* roll alongside film of a landscape, upside-down. A camcorder might pick that up and relay it to a TV monitor in a corner. Darkened rooms. Photo-montages. If you want to see the show you need to keep on your toes.

Says Donal Ruane, "We've been doing The Exploding Cinema every two weeks for about two and a half years now. It basically started on a squat down in Brixton with a few disgruntled people, and kind of built up from there."

When the cut-ups have been playing for an hour, the films start in earnest. Short films, independent affairs, running anywhere between 45 seconds to 15 minutes.

On occasion live music is provided. Maybe a soliloquy or two. A puppet show.

"We wanted to create a system where there's no compromise... even if it's only for a short length of time. We want to do anything or present anything without someone saying this, this or this. We don't have to have arts council loans or whatever."

For tonight's programme, The Exploding Cinema have travelled to Manchester for a head-to-head with their northern counterparts, Vision Collision. A multi-media event being held at the Old Steam Brewery on Oxford Road.

It's a Sunday. The night is damp. From earlier drinking hours, rain sodden vomit coats the doorstep. No problem for a pub within heaving distance of the University. A last minute technical hitch ensures that a crowd gathers.

Two guys on the door (one of whom resembles Lenny Montana in his sports jacket) warn that tonight's show is ticket only and is now sold out. A girl in the crowd sells an unwanted second ticket for the concessionary price of £2. A guy called Tony has travelled over from Dublin especially for the show. A projector from a window upstairs sends its images into the street. Some people want to know what the queue is about. I can't get in.

"We want to encourage low budget filmmaking in popular settings," says Donal. "Some of the films may not be conventionally good but the next film's going to be totally different. So there's always that element of surprise. That is the only selection process we have - a good mix for any one show."

When the doors do open - and I convince Lenny and Rick Cappalino that I'm not just crashing the joint - it is immediately apparent that the Old Steam Brewery is too small a venue. Everyone is in the way of everyone else. Least of all me. The lights are down. Film loops are rolling onto consecutive walls. A screen falls down.

The first thing to be seen on walking in is a playback of everyone else walking in behind you, up on a monitor.

My God, it's started. Already! I quickly take to wandering from room to room, my beer in hand.

But this is just the filler. When the programme starts in earnest, a single wall is secured and all eyes focus in

that direction, not unlike a conventional theatre, except here there are no seats.* And there's nothing to stop anyone from climbing to a different vantage point either upstairs or over to one side. An MC takes to the floor and introduces the films.

First up is *Tilt*, of which I can remember nothing. Followed by



The Biscuit Factory, Super-8 converted to VHS, a gentle four-and-a-half minute glimpse at Jammy Dodgers and the lady who makes them. It isn't impossible to imagine BBC 2 or Channel 4 presenting this one late evening, mid-week.

"There's something of interest in every show. It's how you approach film in the first place. Say in music – it's a lot easier for people to accept very, very minimal, strange experimental stuff. Listen to House music and hardcore dance music. It's not that different to what John Cage was advocating in the Fifties; whatever the extreme avant garde was advocating, you know. It's got

a couple of beats and a couple of samples thrown in. And kids buy it and stay up all night taking E and dancing to it. People will accept that within music, but they don't necessarily accept it within film. We get very, very simple films. For instance, there's one film by a woman from Australia, called *The Dead Dog Film*. Basically, it's very crudely done. There's no lights, nothing. It's stripped down to a bare minimum. It's this woman with a friend. The friend has the camera. The woman comes out of a house into a backyard. She has a suitcase. She walks down to where the dustbins are on the corner. She pushes the bins aside and there's a dead Alsatian. A real dead Alsatian. So she opens up the suitcase and struggles to get the dog – 'cause it's a big fucker, y'know – into the case. Trying to close the case. Then she walks off and the camera cuts. The next thing, you're in an airport. And you see the woman walking down one of these slipways to get onto an airplane. The sign is, like, 'Departure'. The film just ends here. A brilliant film. What the fuck was she doing? Where was she going? And then the credits come up. Like, two-and-a-half minutes long. A simple idea but it immediately engages you. Expect those sort of parameters around this filmmaking."

Donal Ruane is just one of 30 people involved in

organising tonight's event and Exploding Cinema in general. He insists it's a collective. But then, I shouldn't wonder that Donal is actually responsible for much of the 'look' of the Exploding Cinema: the flyers, the campaigns, the promotion. He also makes his own films. One of these, *Deadly Duo*, is based on the Moors Murderers, which he describes as "kind of like their [Moors Murderers'] home movie gone wrong." An excerpt from the production notes states that: *Brady deflowers Hindley and they spend the next couple of months going for long drives and picnics on the moors. Utilizing home-movie effects and studies of the Romantic*

mystique of the moors (which is central to their fantasy). Initiates the gradual transformation of Hindley into a 'star' through the magical gaze of the camera. Brady as Heathcliff-Hindley as Cathy/Diana Dors. The mythic images of Hindley and Brady start to focus through Brady's twisted obsessions.

"I was playing with a lot of those sort of ideas. I basically got three-and-a-half hours of rushes on Super-8. I haven't edited it yet."

Away from film, Donal recollects a 'Supermarket Surrealism' that took place over a six month period in 1988. Products like teabags, biscuits, frozen pizzas and drinking chocolate were taken from their packaging and

replaced with objects found lying around. Picture-cards, small sculptures, toys, an instamatic camera, money, all were repackaged and sealed in place of the original content. In some instances, contents were switched over, so instead of finding chocolate powder in a carton of drinking chocolate, there would be cornflakes. A kind of reverse shoplifting was then employed and the packages replaced on supermarket shelves around London. A poetic attack on the expectations and imaginations of the unsuspecting consumer.

The project was terminated when a similar tactic was



TICKET
£2.00 Concs £2.00

vision COLLISION

A NIGHT OF INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH

Sunday 6th Feb doors open at 8.00 The Old Steam Brewery Oxford Rd Manchester

THE EXPLODING CINEMA

CONTACT EZRA 061 445 8257

ENTERTAINMENT

CONTACT EZRA 061 445 8257

employed by certain parties to extract money from some supermarket chains.

Upstairs, inside the Old Steam Brewery, there are windows. Windows inside the pub through which you can look and see other parts of the pub. A far wall for instance. My vantage point is at an acute angle to the screen and the film playing there. An impressionable 98 degrees or so.

"We want more people to adopt our attitudes. It should be about having a good time. Ultimately we want to distribute vidco packages. In order for this culture to sustain itself there has to be incentive for the people involved. You have to offer the filmmakers something – an alternative to spending five years filling application forms for BFI grants. I mean, what are the other options in this country if you're a filmmaker? The BFI decides and defines what British independent film is supposed to be. It puts these packages together, finances all these

films, gets these films to the exclusion of every other film that's made, and says 'this is what British independent film is doing now'. And their interference in the making of films is fucking phenomenal. All the preproduction and stuff, it's horrendous. They basically tell you how to make the film and who you should have. Cameramen, soundmen, all sorts of things."

An attempt to distribute funding more openly, to a less select, less controlled group of filmmakers, exists in the Exploding Cinema's 'Funding Conspiracy'. Here, filmmakers are encouraged to join a syndicate. Wherein, should any one of them become, say, a BFI 'New Director', the money awarded them will be distributed equally among all Funding Conspiracy members.

The Biscuit Factory winds out to make way for *Star Spangled Shooter*. Not a beef and chutney sandwich in sight. Outside, people look in through the doors. Downstairs the sound system suffers a sonic attack and sends me edging through the throng, back into oblivion. I'm no longer sure which film we're on. All this excitement has wasted my sense of direction.

Why, I'm pointing the wrong way! The screen! The screen!

Film requires a greater engagement than can be given in the confines of a packed Old Steam Brewery. It may be a twist on sweaty Pullman seats – overly familiar to the late-night cineaste – but the detachment and distraction here prompts much the same response. It's difficult to watch. And, unfortunately, film is all or nothing. It can't play in the background because it won't get watched. By me, at least. Which is a great shame because the whole thing is theoretical dynamite.

Not for the first time tonight do I get the impression I've crashed someone's private party. A student party. But then it's a thought I quickly dismiss when the guy on the microphone asks a question and no one answers; not for the first time tonight does he call out for the respective filmmaker to come forward and they're not here. Nothing. No one's here. And no one knows who they are.

Secular enui.

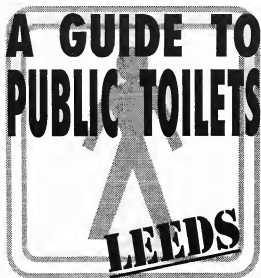
*A lie. There are seats but you can't see anything from them – other than the pants of whoever's stood in front of you.

The Exploding Cinema and Vision Collision can be reached on 071 703 3912 and 061 445 8257, respectively.

THIS IS A CAMPAIGN



IT HAS NOTHING TO
DO WITH ART



Mehdi El-Radhi

Toilets are truly fascinating places, but are considered an unfortunate necessity by most. I disagree. If I was a Town Planner, I'd place one on every street corner. Since *Headpress* 8 – and that issue's guide to public toilets in Manchester – I've come across several marvellous anecdotes. Here are some of them.

As a friend of mine from Grimsby sat in a public toilet, a scrap of paper with a note on it was pushed through the gap between the cubicles. It read, 'Are you looking for company?' To which my friend got up and left.

Another case involves another friend, one who walked into some toilets to have a man dash out past him. The urinal at which he then stood had what my friend initially assumed to be "thick spit" running down it.

As I observed the movements of some gentlemen



Photo © Mehdi El-Radhi

To all students involved in cottaging and voyeurism in university toilets. Be warned toilets are now being patrolled and disciplinary action may be taken.

An advert supported by Leeds Metropolitan University Student Union and Leeds University Union.

outside a toilet in York. I was approached by one who insisted on pacing to and fro before me, staring at me over his thick glasses but saying nothing. I got the message and quickly left. *[It's the camera that does it, Mehdi – Eds]*

Leeds – for those not familiar – is an average-sized city in West Yorkshire. Here, the public toilets are not the responsibility of the local council (as in Manchester) so are situated, for the most part, in shopping centres. This makes them, inevitably, less interesting but better maintained.

Once again, my findings are based on Gents toilets only, I'm afraid. Any female WC spotters please get in touch with your observations.

St. John's Centre

These toilets are in St. John's shopping centre between Merriam Street and the Headrow. This place is really neat and clean, and the signs are clear for both Gents and Ladies' (which are a long way apart). Access is quick and easy from Merriam Street. The beige tiling is kept clean and mopped and there is no immediate smell. The attendant's office is marked with 'PRIVATE' and has a large window – through which I observe the office is empty. There are four cubicles of a good size and contain toilet bowls all in good order. The doors have nice large plastic bolts on them and display little graffiti. As I walk out, I see one long urinal (suitable for five or six users consecutively), four hand wash basins, and one drinking water basin. All the fittings (urinals and basins) are Armitage Shanks – which means quality. There is also a wastebin which happens to be overflowing with pink tissue paper. Considering there are four hot-air dryers, I wonder how so much paper got to be in the bin.

Victoria Quarter

This shopping centre is really plush. A gold and green colour scheme; fountains and stained glass. The signs are quite poor, however, small and about 12 feet high off the floor. Easiest access is from Vicar Lane. To enter, there is a narrow corridor leading to three doors: Ladies, Gents, and Disabled. There are some tacky plastic plants on my right and Queen playing through (invisible) speakers. Just the mood for a good dump. But then you walk through the Gents door and ... the

place is tiny, two cubicles on the right, with neither having functional bolts on the doors. The loos work well, however, and there's no trace of graffiti. The place is clean with a navy/white match – and now it's Bryan Adams playing. The toilet paper is good and easy to get to. The three urinals are small and separated. The wash basins are amazing, though – they're clean and have both liquid soap and a bar of soap, framed by an array of plastic plants. The drawback is that there is only one hot-air dryer. I can imagine a small queue developing here. As I walk out, I notice a pay phone right outside the door. The music now is Prince.

Schofield's Centre

Once in this shopping centre, it's a journey up an escalator and follow the signs. Good size, this one. Five cubicles, four urinals, and six sinks. Everything's very green (doors and tiles) and the place smells strongly of disinfectant. The cubicles have Armitage Shanks toilets in them, and are all good flushers. The doors have weak, or broken, locks on them and the toilet paper comes in individual sheets, which is annoying. Some graffiti shows on the scrubbed doors. 'Rent boy wanted', etc. The urinals could be cleaner. They look stained, probably rusty water dripping. The basins are fairly clean. There is hot water and soap available, but only two hand dryers. Another potential bottleneck. As I leave, I take note that the attendant is an old lady.

Town Hall

These are the only true 'Public Toilets' here, meaning they are on the actual street. This toilet is at the back of Leeds Town Hall, easy access from Great George Street. The Ladies toilet is about 100 yards away on the other side of the building. It is a peculiar area, with, for the most part, only business men passing. The sign indicating the presence of a public toilet is an old engraving above the door. From the outside, the place looks dark and uninviting. Upon entering, I quickly realised I'd found the hang-out of Leeds' 'cottagers'. It is just a pick-up joint. There are a number of men who stand around idly, both inside and directly outside. They seem to have appointments, walking in and out with regularity. This is the toilet that should have been shut down years ago. And it looks like no one has cleaned it, ever. It is very small – two cubicles, four urinals and, shockingly, no washing facilities. The whole place is covered in graffiti: 'LUFF' in spray paint, lots of marker pen scrawls and obscene drawings (some of which are actually quite good). The smell is atrocious, not surprising when there's excrement on the walls of the cubicles. The toilets themselves are metal with little plastic rims to sit on, and no cover. Very uncomfortable. The doors are smeared with everything imaginable and have no locks at all. Everything is stained brown and black with dirt. The floor tiles are smashed and dirty. The urinals are full-length, but broken. One has been mended with wooden boards, which have turned black. Above another urinal reads, 'Amus wanted. Make a date for Monday'.



This project was intended to bring out and expose the interesting toilets around the City of Leeds. It is not comprehensive. Other toilets deserving of a mention, are: the Corn Exchange toilets (quite well looked after, but with some broken seats; poor locks; poor location); the University is useful for toilets, but beware – read the signs*. Looking for the toilets in the market place felt like a strange ritual, walking past pet stalls, fish stalls, hardware stalls, food stalls. . .

* *Warning. Persons found loitering for illegal purposes will be subject to the University's disciplinary process and may be subject to Police action.*

Note: A number of observers have pointed out that of last issue's guide, Mehdi failed to mention the most obvious anomaly of the public toilets in Manchester's Piccadilly Station. This being that the urinals are set back-to-back with one another, only coming up to shoulder height. Patrons are therefore forced to look into the eyes of those urinating before them. What a cunning and insidious design.

SYRIAC PRESS

The international Satanic Conspiracy to destroy the world through Rock music ~ An English speaking Muslim cleric rants, screams, and foams at the mouth for your spiritual enlightenment on a C90 cassette. [£1.99/\$4.00 post-paid]

Syriac Press, PO Box 396, Preston Lancs PR2 4JW, Great Britain.

The final part of our interview with Porn Auteur Patrick Collins

roscoe bowltree

speaks again!

Anthony Petkovich



Anthony,
Spoke me ~
Get it good he's
Tianna's
Tanna's

Patrick Collins directs porn movies. Until recently he managed Evil Angel Productions alongside John (Buttman) Stagliano, and appeared in a number of Bruce Seven kink videos as the wily (now cult) character 'Roscoe Bowltree'. Today, Collins has his own production company, Elegant Angel. Last issue, Collins spoke to Anthony Petkovich about making pictures, his origins in the porn industry, his porn-actress wife Tianna, and the various studs and starlets to have made his acquaintance... which is where we left off...

HEADPRESS: So how do you choose the actresses in your features?

PATRICK COLLINS: I like girls who fuck.

Bisexual girls?

No, they don't have to be bisexual. Some girls like anal, some girls like to suck dick. I wanna know what they like, what turns 'em on.

And then you focus on that.

Yeah. If I get the impression that they're doing it just as an act... I never use Savannah.

'Cause she's phoney.

Well, yeah. Great lookin' girl but it's like she's gettin' fucked and it's like (imitating disinterested dingbat) "Duh... where's my laundry? Do I have to pick it up at five?" You know? I don't wanna watch that. Right? So I only use girls who are... um ...

Sincere.

Yeah... ones who I believe are really doing this because they *like* doing it. The money has to be secondary. Because if you're doing it just for the money, you're gonna feel like a whore. What happens is, a girl might do it just for the money, and then says, "Well, I'm gonna do anal." And then some fuckin' prick like John T. Bone – and you can put that in there... I think he goes by the name of John T. Bone.

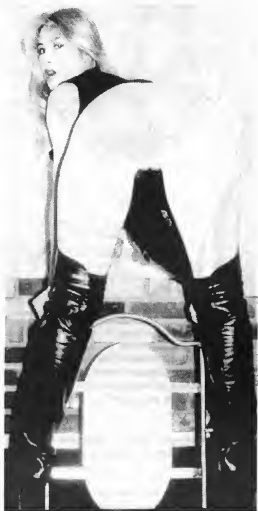
Right, he's married to...

Whatever, some fuckin' bitch who slaps him around all the fuckin' time 'cause he ain't nothin' but a punk and a fraud. But, at any rate, he's the kind of guy that'll go to a girl like that and he'll say, "You know what, you don't wanna do anal, but I really need an anal scene." Or he'll fire her and *know* he's going to do an anal scene with her, and he'll just offer her a little more money or whatever he has to do to get her to do it, and she'll end up feelin' like a whore afterwards. So he's one of the low-life punks in this business that, when *Inside Editions* or *48 Hours* or *20/20* or any of these shows does a story, you know they always want to focus on the assholes like Bill Margold and Bone and some of these other pricks that are misogynous and have absolutely... (getting upset) they could give a *shit* about any of the people in this business. They only care about themselves.

So your rehearsals are basically just talking to the girls and finding out what their sexual interests are rather than coach their acting.

Right. Absolutely. In fact, in *Sodomania IV* (Further on

Down the Road) you'll see a scene that recreates that entire thing, with this girl coming into my office and me, playing myself, interviewing her. And I'm asking her, "What would you really like?" which is what I really asked her in actual interviews. So we recreated the whole thing. And she says, "Well, you know, I'd really like to fuck Tony Tedeschi." And I say, "Well, you know, maybe that could be arranged. If you did star in a video with Tony, what would you do?" And she started telling me this whole fantasy of her dancing for him. So it's intercut in with actual fantasy of her dancing for Tony Tedeschi, 'cause she really is a feature dancer.



Tiffany Marx. *The Bottom Dweller*.

You did the same thing with Randy West in the first story in *Sodo I*, with him more or less delving into the fantasies of Cheri Lynn.

Let me tell ya something, that is absolute reality what you saw there. That girl, that was her first movie. She is so easily excited... she comes so easily. She came like 13 times. I was shooting Francesca Le in the other room, I

had a whole other idea for this scene. And then I walk out onto the patio, and Randy West is on his knees eating Cheri's pussy, and she's got that T-shirt on and her tits are just . . .

Big tits on her.

Yeah and they're natural.

What's Randy West like?

Oh he's wonderful. I love him. He loves his work and he's a real bright guy, with a great sense of humour. I thought the scene with him and Heather Hart in *Sodo II* was hysterical.

Now she's nasty. I recently saw her in Gregory Dark's *The Crease Master*.

Yeah, she is nasty. Another one of my favourites. She doesn't work any more. She's going around with one of the Dark brothers, the only one that's in existence. She's great though. I love her. If you wanna know the girls I like, look at my movies. (laughs)

What do you think about boob jobs? They seem to be quite a trend now.

I hate it. I like real tits.

Tianna's got real tits. She obviously doesn't need enlargements.

No she doesn't. And she never will. It's because a lot of these girls work under the assumption that they're going to make more money on the road, which is encouraged by a lot of the guys who own the clubs. And the truth of the matter is, if you sit in a room full of guys and you ask 'em "What would you rather see: some girl with big fucking tits and when she lays on her back they're sticking straight out, or would you rather see a girl with small breasts that are real?" And they'll tell you "I'd rather see a girl with small breasts that are real. It's much sexier." But not only that, I mean, you can get into all the psychological aspects of it too. You know, maybe they got a problem inside and they're trying to fix it on the outside. I dunno. That's none of my business. It's just a theory.

Worried about getting old, aging.

Yeah, yeah. Nothing's ever good enough.

What about someone like Wendy Whoppers?

(laughs) Wendy Whoppers. Check this out - she weighed 93 pounds before she had her tits done and 107 afterwards. They're like (eyes bulging, extends hands one foot away from his chest). I said "My GOD!" And

she said "Oh, tiny girl." I couldn't believe it. You could work out with 'em. Seriously. It's an aberration.

What about Axinia? Those tits are real.

Yeah. She's from Germany. She was married to a guy in the Marines. That particular scene in *Foreign Objects* I filmed in my house. Berlin is another girl from Germany. They were girlfriends there. Axinia was living here married to a guy in the Marines or something like that, and she got tired of this guy mistreating her and decided she wanted to make some money and go back to Germany. Her girlfriend told her I was doing a scene, would I be interested in using her? So she came in, and I did a whole scene about her and her husband and Berlin bringing her to me to kind of turn things around. Basically trying to keep it somewhat based in reality. It's real nasty. It's got foot worship and tit fucking. Great tits on both of those girls. Great, natural tits, man. Big, big tits on that Axinia, you know. And she's really thin, but she's got those... oh, man...

Speaking of nasty and big titted, what do you think of Chessie Moore?

Yeah. She's really nasty. But I don't know her. But I like real nasty girls, so I'm sure I'd like her. She's a little older than some of the other girls but she certainly makes up for it. You know who else is really nasty is this girl Satina.

Oh, Saki, or Saki St. Germaine, or whatever she's calling herself these days. Yeah, she is one nasty bitch. What's her nationality? Phillipino? Chinese?

She's actually Japanese and something else. She'll be in the next *Bottom Dweller*. I just ran into her the other night in L.A. She was out on a boat.

Anisa's pretty hot too.

She's out of the business. I was going to use her. Little tiny girl, loved anal, right?

Right.

I don't shoot that often, though, so by the time I get around to using somebody, they may be in or out of the business.

Why do women on the whole leave the business? Tracy Lords was probably the worst offender.

Oh, well, you know, Tracy lords burned the business and then still tried to make money out of it. I read an interesting article in L.A. where they were interviewing this girl who was a stripper, and she said "You know, I told my parents that I was a junkie for seven years, but I never told them I was a stripper." I think psychologically

they have their ups and downs. Even if they really like it, when they have to do it for money, they start feeling like a piece of meat, and I think that contributes to them dropping out. I think that any girl that gets into the business should only do it for the fun of it and never do it so much that she gets tired of it. And if she does get tired of it, she should stop. It's gotta be fun. Because really you're dealing with your soul, man. And it's an emotional thing, you know. You start compromising your principles



Wendy Whoppers from *The Bottom Dweller*.

and your values because you need money for rent or something like that. And once that integrity starts to go, and you're not feeling good about yourself, well, you don't want to have to face that kind of thing every day. And I think at that point girls just chose to leave the business.

John Leslie says he's been working with film for the last two years. How do you feel about film versus video?

Well, they both have their finer points. Film has a much softer look. And it depends on what you're looking for. Personally, if it's something for me to look at to get off on, I think I prefer video. But I honestly can't tell you.

There's more of an intimacy with video.

Yeah, it's more real. But film also has its real special qualities. Who was it that did *Cafe Flesh*?

Rinse Dream.

Right. He also did *Dr. Caligari* and the original *Night Dreams*. Films which are more mainstream, but they're very erotic, very strange, and the lighting's great. The problem with film is you lose spontaneity. With film, lighting and everything has to be so perfect that you've gotta set a girl or guy in a situation and say "Okay, you can go to this spot, but you can only do these things in this spot." So you're limiting the spontaneity of it, I think. It's very hard to get the real passion because sometimes you gotta just do it over and over again. What I try to do in video is find out what the girl likes, what guy she likes to work with, what girl she likes to work with, what kind of personality type she is, and then I write the scene around her. And I always say to them "If you could direct your own scene, and if it could be the most exciting thing to you in the world, what would you do? Who would you work with? In what kind of situation? And then I build around that. So it's just a lot easier to do that, because, while they're fucking, I don't stop. If I need another angle, I'll wait. That's why I shoot so much tape. I'd rather wait. One of my wife's biggest complaints was every time she'd get real horny and get close to coming, the directors would say "No. Change. We're going to do something else."

It breaks up the passion.

Yes! It does. But what you give up is the time. It takes time. I shoot one scene in a day. They shoot one whole movie in a day. So there's a trade-off. If a guy's only getting \$7,000 from a manufacturer to make a video, and he's gotta pay himself and his cameraman and his make-up artist and the still photographer and the location rental and the talent, he's not making that much money. So he has to make some compromises. I don't denigrate these people for that. They're in a position where... that's their living. What I'm disappointed in and somewhat disillusioned in is that we've shown with *Elegant Angel* and *Evil Angel* that you can put out something that costs more money, and, if you're willing to do the work, your numbers are far superior to any other manufacturers. I mean, we sell more tapes than *anyone*. There is no company that sells more tapes for full price than we do. And they all lower their price almost immediately. Certainly the longest within 90 days. And a lot of their titles you can't get. Any of my titles, you can get. I stock 'em. They don't understand the business. I got into it and I *am* into it because I like it.

Do you have any mainstream directors that you respect?

Francis Coppola.

Dementia 13, did you like that? It was one of his earlier efforts.

I didn't see it. I don't go to a lot of movies, but *Apocalypse Now* and *Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse*

are what really sold me on him as an individual. And it's funny because just lately I was talking to my wife about *Dracula*.

Visually it's fantastic.

That's exactly what she said. She said the visual part of it was wonderful but the story was lacking. And I said "You know why? Because now Coppola has to go to an executive producer and get the money from him. And Coppola probably went to him with a great story, and the producer said to him 'Well, people can't follow a story like that. Make it visually right.'" 'Cause they think the consumer's an idiot. And so he's forced to do that. So, in a way, Coppola has to whore himself out now. He put a lot of his own money into *Apocalypse Now*, and that's still a movie that you can watch today and you can tell the difference. He did what he believed in. So, if you're going to use someone else's money, you have to give up that creative control. And, as a result, what you end up seeing now is a lot of gratuitous sex and violence because it sells. But there's no moral behind it. It means nothing. Our objective over the next year, John and I, is to do an R-rated film and it's gonna have those things in it. But it's also gonna have... I mean, if some guy cuts some other guys throat, you're going to know why, how he came to that and how he felt after he did that.

More psychological.

Well, it's more *real* fer crissakes, you know. That's how it happens. People don't walk up and slice some fuckin' guy's throat. Sure, there are some sociopaths out there, there are some psychopaths that do that. But the truth of the matter is that there's a lot of passion and emotion behind people's deeds. There's a lot of things that lead up to those deeds. My life and the parallels of what I believe in and what a Fundamentalist Christian who opposes me believes in are very similar. And my partner John Stagiano is a devout atheist. I'm not. John lives by Christian principles that I aspire to, you know. Believe me, he's a wonderful example. These are the kind of things I want to show on film.

Have you guys written the script for this film yet?

No, we're just working on it now.

Any actors or actresses in mind for the film?

No. Not right now. 'Cause we're going into mainstream, it's a whole different story. One of the reasons that I do what I do the way I do it is because these are not actors and actresses who have a lot of experience. So I don't want to put a submissive girl in the position of being a dominant when she doesn't have any acting experience and it's going to be uncomfortable for her. I never write dialogue.

So it's all spontaneous?

Well, I have it in my head how I want and then (snaps fingers) I tell 'em how I want 'em to say it, and until they say it the right way... but usually, because I have a feeling for their personality, it comes out pretty quickly that way, because I don't ask them to go beyond who they really are. Because in that scene in *Sodomania I*, with that transition of the girl being so sweet and innocent-looking and turning into this... well, basically raping this other girl... in the beginning, when I told her to slap Lacy's ass, she went like this (with limp wrist, gently pats his knee). And I said "No, no, I *really* want you to slap her ass." And she

Tabitha Cash in *Sodomania III: Foreign Objects*.

Patrick Cellius © 1993 Elegant Angel Video

went like this (repeats harmless pat). And I said "Understand what I want you to do, alright? I want you to slap her fucking ass and I want you to take control of her, alright." And there was something that went off in her, and she basically raped her. But she totally got off on it. And so did Lacy. And there was such intensity in that scene, you know. And so I take chances like that if I believe that that's the part of a person's personality. Maybe I'm wrong. And I have been. (laughs) And sometimes it backfires. But that one worked.

How do you come up with the ideas for your movies? Like that last episode of *Sodomania I* you were just talking about for instance, where we find out that the strangely gowned,

wandering female who makes this married couple do unspeakable things is actually an escapee from a lunatic asylum who's been incarcerated because she castrates her victims (see review later). You obviously like to have more plot in your films.

Yes, absolutely, because people just don't walk in a room and fuck, you know. There's nothing really sexy about that for me. So it has to be something else. You see, in that instalment of *Sodo*, Brittany O'Connell - she's a very innocent girl, right? She's peaches and cream. And so

she's new to the business. And to me it's a challenge to get somebody to portray what I believe is in them but what they've never portrayed before. And so she was acting very submissive and very innocent. And when I interview girls I try to find out a little about them, what it is they like, and I try to put them in a scene that they like. And one thing she said to me which gave me an indication as to how naughty she might be was that she really liked to be called all kinds of dirty names when she got fucked. So anyway, I ended up putting her in this scene where you look at her, and you think she's real innocent, yet she's conspiring the whole time. But at the same time, you've got this dominant/submissive thing

going on with the guy and his wife which, if you'll recall, turns completely around where *he* becomes dominant and the wife's submissive. So those are the kinds of things that I like to put in there. Some people get 'em, some don't.

Leslie says on his sets, the atmosphere is "horny and serious." What's it like on your sets?

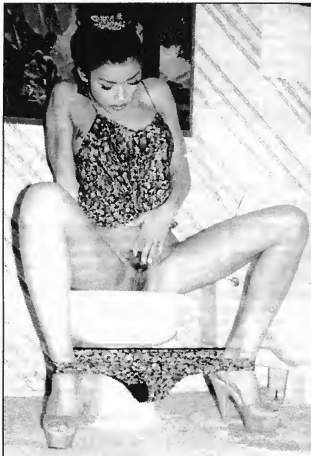
I don't see how you can have those two together. They're kind of conflicting. Maybe that is the atmosphere on his set. I've never been on one of his sets. Mine are small, intimate, nasty, and thorough. I don't have make-up artists, very rarely. I like the girls to do their own make-up. I don't have the restrictions of having a big crew - you know, lighting and all that. I take care of all that

myself, with the few people that I have to work with me. So when you're on one of *my* sets, you've got me, I'm taking the stills, you've got my cameraman Michael Cates, you've got my assistant Parker Schurman. And that's it. There is no one else.

What do you think of Leslie as a director?

I think John's a very talented guy.

Have you met him?



Oh yeah. I know him well. And plus he plays the blues harp.

Paints too, apparently.

Yeah, he paints. And I haven't seen any of his paintings but I heard they're very good. And he's a very intelligent, confident kind of guy. He cares about what he does. His approach is just a lot different than mine. I don't want to see a shot like an MTV video, where I see a shot that's real sexy for one second then goes to something else. I wanna see it, and I wanna savour it, and I wanna take my time with it. And, so, if I was going to fault him in any way, it would be just on that level. But he's in an unfortunate situation because he has the restrictions put upon by the manufacturer who gives him the money and who says "You're gonna do this and we can't have any cussing." They don't even want anyfuckingbody swearing in their fucking videos any more. I want a girl saying "Fuck me!" if she wants to say it. They don't want that in the fuckin' video, fer crissakes. So he's got all those restrictions he has to deal with. But I still think he's a very talented guy.

I really miss him in the films because he had a distinct presence.

Yeah. Yeah. He's intense, man. I remember a scene he did with Bill Margold's ex-girlfriend, who had never turned me on until I saw her in this scene with him.

What's her name?

The one who had the snake that went all around her torso.

Oh, Viper.

Viper! Right.

That boob job of hers was totally unnecessary.

Yeah. That really fucked up her looks. But, you know, John Leslie, he did a scene with her, man, it was so fucking nasty. On the couch, you remember?

Oh, the double penetration (in *Loose Ends IV*).

Yeah. On the couch. Right. With John Dough? Wasn't John Dough in the background.

Right.

What a great scene.

While we're on that subject, what do you think of DP's?

They're too hard to shoot. There's no real spontaneity in

them. You know DP actually means a double penetration in *one hole* – not just the pussy and the ass. And the problem is there's a lot of guys obviously can't work under those constraints.

Constraints is right.

But there was a girl in Hungary who I was supposed to do a double anal on. Actually Tianna and I did her in a scene. And she's great, she's really adorable. But her agent tried to run a game on me, and I'm probably known in the business for a lot of things (laughs), but I don't have a long fuse when it comes to somebody trying to rip me off. And I kinda felt like he was trying to rip me off so I got a little angry with him. And I didn't use her, only as a result of that – because she was with him.

Do the folks from different countries try to bleed you, figuring, well, this guy's from a different country, we're gonna get all we can out of him.

To a degree.

There's a lot of pirating going on in the video business, particularly porn.

I have a big problem with that on the east coast. But it's not a problem with the other manufacturers to any great degree because they put out such shit that nobody wants to dupe it. And not only are our videos being duped, but there's also colour scanning of our boxes. Again, they're choosing to do this to our videos because it just wouldn't be profitable for them to go to the trouble and expense of colour scanning the boxes of any other manufacturers merchandise, since they don't sell as well or for as long. But I'm working on the pirating issue now. I've been to New York twice and I've done whatever I possibly could within legal means

Why particularly the east coast?

You know what Times Square is like, it's a whole different world. Some of these guys just don't care. They work without business licenses, they're Srilankans a lot of 'em and Israelis. They feel they can make what they can, turn around and leave the country. But I'm spending actually a great deal of money now on a legal front and we'll see what happens. I had one guy who was a snitch who backed out of the deal, and I'm trying to rework the deal now, 'cause I need another witness.

What about the original hostess for Sodomania? The English one. What happened to her?

Kiss? It was a bad idea. Now Brockton O'Toole does it. I have the same format, but I have a guy doing it. It's much better. Ya gotta see the next three. Brockton O'Toole's a professional actor, a retired lawyer for the I.R.S. and a good friend of ours for a long time. I write

the dialogue for him, and he gets it down rather quickly. We set him up with this big book in front of him and it's kind of dark, you know, with this spotlight and library behind him.

Like *Tales from the Crypt*?

Yeah, something a little along those lines. But not as sinister because it comes off like (puts hand to chest, imitating Boris Karloff) "Oh my Gawd!" It's pretty interesting. I think what I didn't like about *Sodo I* was Kiss' performance.

She's got a nice body though.



Patrick Collins © 1993 Elegant Angel Video

Angela at Budapest's Club Maximal in *Depravity on the Danube*

She's a pretty nasty girl. But she's also involved with a guy and, you know, from day to day her relationship with this guy changes. I don't want anyone doing anything they don't want to do. And I never hire a girl who, after I've hired her, doesn't show up for a shoot, or is late and doesn't call me. The bottom line is this is a business. I always keep my word with 'em and I expect them to do the same with me.

What about England? Did you produce the *Buttman In England* video?

No. John went to England on his own. I have a cousin who lives in Chiswick, England and he does some of the music for my films. He did the music on the original *Buttwoman*, and the original *Sodomania*. I had the option of going there. It's different when you go to another country. The advantage in England is that they do speak English.

How do you feel about the AIDS issue in porn?

First off, I think it's overblown as hell. Rock Hudson fucked his boyfriend in the ass for years, and the boyfriend never got AIDS did he? The truth is, AIDS is really hard to catch. Sure it's deadly when you get it. But in our business, if it was a problem, you can bet your ass that every right wing Christian organization, guys like Mike Wallace and every other motherfucker in the world who want us out of business would be making a big deal out of it. And it's *not* a big deal in our business. First off, the guys don't come in the girls, they come *on* them. Visually it just looks better. To get AIDS the tissue has to be traumatized. So it's certainly more likely to happen with anal sex than vaginal. Orally it's almost impossible to catch. And I think that if somebody's worried about it, then they should either get out of the business or use a condom. If they wanna use a condom, they won't work for me. Fuck it, man. I don't wanna see some guy fucking with a rubber on his dick. It just doesn't do anything for me.

Veterans like Tom Byron, that's all they seem to do now are scenes where they wear rubbers.

That's not true. He works without 'em too. Look at him in *The Bottom Dweller*; he fucks Lacey in the ass without a rubber.

What's Byron like to work with?

(rolls his eyes) He's a trip, man. He's like a throwback from the sixties, a 'rock 'n' roll' kind of guy. But I'll tell ya what, he's a great performer. He's never had a problem getting his dick hard.

What about Jonathan Morgan? What's he like to work with?



Rebecca Bardoux: *The Anal Diary of Misty Rain*.

Patrick Collum © 1993 Elegant Angel Video

Jonathan Morgan. Let me say this about him: he only worked with me once, he's a damn good actor, probably one of the best actors in the business. And when you see him in that scene in *Sodo III*, I mean he's *really* impressed me, and I'll use him again. There's another guy too, called Alex something. He's a new guy, and I used him in *Sodo IV*. He's incredible. I would say the closest thing I've seen to Rocco Siffredi ever.

Really?

Really.

I've seen Rocco fucking three or four women at one time. Amazing stamina. And I've never seen a performer stick his nose and tongue in more female assholes. Like he's leaving his scent, staking his territory or something.

He's unbelievable. He's really unbelievable. Very articulate and intelligent too. Rocco's the kind of guy that can charm a man or woman. I mean, here he is, 6'3", Italian, blonde hair, blue eyes, he's got this incredible body, and he loves to fuck. He told me, "You know, Patrick, when I was a kid I used to look at these pictures and I'd think, God, guys get *paid* to do this." And then he had a chance to do it. And when he gets into a scene, he's into it.

So who is your favourite male star?

Well, Rocco is great. And he's a friend of mine. I've only actually directed him once – in *Sodo II (More Tails)* – but he's worked for me a number of times in productions like *Face Dance* and *Buttwoman* movies, things that

I've been involved in but didn't direct. In fact, when I was in Hungary he was gonna work for me, but he's shooting two movies. He's started his own company now. Rocco has a way of getting girls to do things they'd *never* do otherwise – because they really like him.

Just like Randy West.

Randy has a whole different charm about him. Randy's another kind of guy that can seduce just about any girl. And he does it with his intelligence, his looks, and his sense of humour. He's really a very multi-dimensional individual. A very talented guy.

What about Ron Jeremy?

Well, that's kind of a complex issue. You know, a lot of people put him down. The truth is, I like about Ron the same things I like about Ed Powers. And I dislike about Ron the same things I dislike about Ed Powers. What I like about them is their 'neediness'. They're not ashamed at all to be... they *need* you as a friend. They kind of wear their feelings on their sleeves. They're very sensitive individuals. I think both are very talented. But I think both of them manipulate women because they're addicted to sex. And so no matter what it takes, they'll do it to get pussy. You know what I mean? So I don't agree with that. But I do like 'em both.

Of all the male personalities, Joey Silvera's one of the few I can really appreciate. Seems like a really nice guy.

Oh I love him. Joey's great! Joey's fucking great, man. He was just down in Brazil with us doing *Buttman in Rio IV*. I shot two of the scenes but I sold them to John 'cause they really didn't work for my movies. One of them is in that movie, it's with Tianna and some girl outside in the jungle in Brazil.

What do you think of the women in Rio?

Love 'em. I love 'em. They're great. They're a lot more open about sex, and they're a lot sweeter. They're not like hardcore prostitutes. They're really loving, passionate, sweet individuals.

What about Asian women?

I don't particularly like Oriental women. I like the way they look, but they're not passionate enough for me. They're too subdued. I always get the feeling when I'm watching them in a sex scene that they're not doing it necessarily 'cause they like it. They're just doing it because it's something to do.

What about gang-bang movies? What do you think of them?



Kitty Yung gets her nipples tweaked by feet in *Sodomana V: Euro/American Style*

Patrick Collins © 1993 Elegant Angel Video

Well, it depends. If the girl really likes to be gang banged. I love 'em.

Trixy Tyler?

Oh Trixy's nasty.

Do you think you'll ever use her in one of your films?

I already have, she's in the original *Adventures of Buttwoman* which we made in 1990. I produced it. Bruce Seven directed it. That was an all-girl movie.

How do you keep up with the new videos out there?

I really live in a kind of secluded world. I basically watch what I film; I don't watch other people's stuff. I did see *Hidden Obsessions* – you know, the Andrew Blake film with Janine Lundmueller in it and all these beautiful girls. To me it's a fuckin' joke. They've got great shit in it, man – the cinematography's incredible, the ice-dildo thing, I love it all. But, you know what, it's like "wait a minute, am I watching this thing to see pretty girls for two fucking seconds and then go on to something else with no fucking storyline and dubbed in dialogue?" Any motherfucker that knows how to run a camera and light a scene could shoot a movie like that. It's like looking at a Penthouse magazine. I'm in the fuck business. I'm in the sex business. That's what I do. Blake's not in the same fuckin' business. And it seems like the industry wants to do something like that to raise themselves above the business. I'm not saying that doesn't appeal to some people. Facial cum shots appeal to some people, too. I'm just saying that *they're* saying this is one of the best things ever done. I don't see it. Believe me, I'd tell you in a minute if I could beat off to it. I'd tell you I loved it. There were a lot of things I could have

beat off to in that film – but I didn't get to see 'em long enough.

But I really don't watch a lot of porn. What I'll do is I'll go into a peep show, and I'll try and get an idea of what's going on and what's out there. I put my quarters in, I check 'em out. And most of it is absolute shit. Because most of these manufacturers – and I believe there's about 46 of 'em – don't give a fuck about the consumer, never have from the beginning, think of themselves in a lot of ways as better than the consumer, try and distance themselves in some ways from our industry, don't seem too proud of what they do. And as a result it shows in their product. Their theory is, if you wanna sell more tapes, lower your cost and lower your price. My theory is if you wanna sell more tapes, work harder and give people what they seem to really want, which is what I can jack off to. I want to watch something that makes my dick hard, that I can jack off to. That's what I want to watch, and that's what I try to shoot.

Fuck New York. The centre of the universe is the female asshole. The Big Apple can't even compare! Except maybe in terms of the smell. And, even then, I'd much rather be sniffing a brown mustache (freshly planted above my upper lip) than the urine-soaked subways of New Amsterdam. Indeed, *is* there a part of a woman's anatomy more private, more obscene, more fascinating, more wonderful than her cute, tight, quivering little butthole?

Which brings us to Patrick Collins, our man in Van Nuys. A gent more aware of the attributes of the fairer sex's sphincter specialities than the highest paid proctologist in the San Fernando Valley (not excluding, of course, the remainder of that Unholy – yet holey conscious – Trinity of Porn: John "Buttman" Stagliano and Bruce "Slutfest" Seven). Consequently, as the female brown eye is the focus of Collins's *Sodomana* series, this smut hound thinks it's a winner from the start. Indeed, Collins regularly delivers the goods – that is, the divas, the dildos, the dirt, and the dung. The real shit, if you will. What more can you really say about the man? Save, of course, that he's a crusader of ooze. A guru of genetic goo. A porn prophet with a panoply of raunch regularly hidden up his sleeve that's proven highly instrumental in assisting all cornholeaholics (pronounced "corn-hole-a-holics") in their endless quest to unravel the mystery of that ever-magnetic excrement vent (a roll of timpani, a herald of trumpets... with plenty of reverb, please)... the FEMALE ASSHOLE!!!

SODOMANIA I: TALES OF PERVERSITY

Basically, the *Sodomana* series is a sort of *Tales From The Crypt* à la porn. Some episodes (usually about four to a feature) have dark, well-plotted storylines with pulp-like, shocker endings. Others are fairly straightforward episodes of cock, cunt 'n' crack. Yet most of these mini-movies, according to Collins, are actual, no-holds-barred fantasies from the wonderfully filthy minds of the stars

and startlets themselves; no little thanks to Collins for having evoked such raw passion from the talent during pre-production 'interviews' (tough job, Jake, but someone's gotta do it). Consequently, there's always at least *one* vignette in any *Sodo* video which makes it worth the rental, as well as any quarters spent washing the towel employed to mop up the pineapple jam blasted through the cracks of your cock-clenched fist. The premiere video of the series is nothing short of nasty. Already a classic in the annals of anal sex cinema, it's sure to leave you with one hand clapping.

'I Came, I Saw, I Came Again'

On a stark, windblown patio (somewhere in LA) veteran Randy West shares his fantasies ("Ever do it in a limo?") with newcomer Cheri Lynn ("I did it in a taxi once – in the back seat"). Eventually getting flustered in the absence of Bud Lite, West begins schtuping naturally big-titted Cheri in the creaky patio chair. The real showstopper here, though, is onlooker (and professional man/womanecater) Francesca Le, who drags West and Lynn's asses into the bedroom, and proceeds to burn 'n' devour the two of 'em as she would flesh-covered Baked Alaska. As in all of her features, Le is stunning, Greek, Spanish, Italian, who-knows-what-the-fuck nationality she is. It works, though. The long, charcoal hair, thick lips with the semi-buck teeth; and enormous, high-school girl eyes'll make you wanna get on your knees and propose (if that doesn't work, at least get your stinky pinky in the general vicinity). By fuck arena standards, this little olive-skinned pimp recruit's as narly as God makes 'em, reveling in violent doggy slamming and brutal butt bangings. And when a flat shovel is shoved straight 'n' deep into her coal bin, Francesca has this wonderful habit of casting the most viciously inviting, downright primal snarl back at her stud, a look of love that's bound to burst a vein in your love member. Liz Taylor, take note: you may finally learn a trick or two about *proper* tramp etiquette.

'Hot Cross Buns'

This episode is most fascinating because of the sheer size of slut queen Nicole London's asshole. Don't blame poor Nicole, though. Indeed, it's Brooklyn grease monkey Tony Tedeschi's ass-fucking fault. A classic case of sloppy stud jamming square pud into brown hole. Nicole graciously submits to the rough rape by Tony's bologne. She's amazingly good-natured about it, too. Yet, once Tedeschi has thoroughly gland-blasted the helpless harlot's crap vat, he pulls out to reveal... Good God! Her excrement vent is heecccc-yuge, the violated vixen is lucky she's lying flat on her back. Otherwise, her over-stuffed and, subsequently, deep, wide, shadowy, seemingly bottomless pit of shit would spew out an infinite supply of Colombian coffee beans – and, quite possibly, Juan Valdez himself. My compliments to Lady London. You dung good.

'This Little Piggy...'

Featuring Collins' ultimate secret weapon Tiffany Mynx. She's so perfect for porn, it's sad to think someday her career of evil'll be buried so far behind her as she raises a family somewhere in Connecticut in some red-brick mansion with some plastic surgeon, an English sheepdog named Sam, and two bred-to-be-Ivy-League brats. Pity. Still, Tiffany never fails to shimmer like the most precious of cock rocks – her decadent sheen maintained through regular buffings of Semen's Turtlewax. (When I saw her dancing at San Francisco's Century, the gorgeous town punch not only shoved a dildo up her asshole – and licked same self's shit off shiny sex cylinder – she also smoked a cancer stick with her cunt lips... nope, no chain-smoking fetus hidden up her sleeve, either. . .)

Always a welcome surprise, Roscoe Bowltree co-stars in this one. Decked out in black shirt, gray slacks, and a snazzy tie, he looks like a smooth-wheeling Irish mobster. Roscoe's first seen driving around Vegas feverishly searching for a cool drink of fresh female guava juice in which to plunge his parched cactus. Yet, after driving in circles for 300 miles (!), he decides to give it a rest, parking his pony at the nearest strip club. After the joint closes, Roscoe ambles into the parking lot and spots Mynx – one of the club's dancers – wearing a purple-coloured, wool mini-skirt clinging tenaciously to her deliciously ripe bod (shit, she'd look good wearing used toilet paper). "I locked my keys in my car," she purrs, smiling everso cooly at Bowltree. Always the knight in shining armour, our hero empathizes (as does the hard-on wagging beneath his boxer shorts). "Since it's way too late to call a locksmith," Roscoe nobly tells her, "why don't you come to my hotel room and, you know, dance for me?" Mynx ("I don't want to be alone tonight, anyway") readily agrees. Ahh... How like life.

Back at Motel 6, Roscoe reveals a burning fetish for cute lil' femme pispole toes. And Mynx wastes no time wriggling to the occasion. She pops into the bathroom, paints her toe nails (ie. 'little piggies') red, separating them with wads of tissue paper, and slinks back into the feeding salon. At one point in this whole fetish thing, our fair slut is reclined on the bed, her feet sticking out over the edge, commanding a fully-captivated Bowltree to "Place your lips against my toes, blow, and go 'prrrrrupppptttt!'" Needless to say, Bowltree places his lips against the bottom of her toes, blows, and goes 'prrrrrupppttt!' You gotta love it. The finger-licking feast our stiff pricks have been waiting for follows as lucky fuck Roscoe gorges on Mynx' prime pussy. Mynx does a bit of devouring, too; the cute coquette splatting foamy loogs on Roscoe's rog., and ultimately slurping down his thick, stout salami with the appetite (and marvelously vulgar sounds) of a starved, toothless carnivore. After Roscoe slaps her ass cheeks to a solid cherry red, he fucks her with his clothes on, eventually erupting his licrum plur onto her awaiting toes, which for the record, she manoeuvres up to her mouth and licks clean – proving that Mynx' high school class didn't name her 'most likely to suck seed' for nothing.

'Never A Dull Moment'

My favourite vignette of the lot. Little Brittany O'Connell (here headlined simply as 'Brittany') is the tale's shining starfish. And, believe you me, this 22-year-old Irish molly (next to Tiffany Mynx) is the hottest thing that's happened to porn since Traci Lords. Unlike Lords, however, Brittany's no prude when it comes to the nasty. Indeed, the mere mention of anal and DP makes her go all lovely. O'Connell, herself, recommends this particular *Sodo* episode and 'The Nutcracker Suite' (*Sodo IV*) as the best primers for her lascivious X antics. Both episodes also present extremely well-choreographed storylines (particularly on the subject of role reversals), effectively illustrating Collins' knack for raising the sexual energy by painting a backdrop of believable characters and situations – and, more importantly, succeeding in further erecting our already erect erections.

Our story opens with Brittany – dressed in what looks like in-patient's hospital clothing – aimlessly wandering around the hills of Malibu. She stumbles across a couple (Lacey Rose and Rick Masters) arguing in a private, secluded garden. Generating some top-notch performances, Masters portrays a sniveling worm-of-a-hen-pecked husband, while Lacey plays his over-bearing cunt-of-a-cunt. Brittany, very purposefully, walks in on the domestic quarrel, sputtering that her ol' man's been beating on her, thus explaining her 'shaken' state. Lacey suggests they call the police and have the cowardly wife pounder put in stocks. Brittany begs against it. Though she can't quite fathom the disturbed girl's reasoning, Lacey respects Brittany's request. In the meantime, she has her pathetic-excuse-of-a-hubby run down to the liquor store and buy some white wine to settle our flustered little waif's nerves. And while they wait for the worthless invertebrate, Lacey suggests Brittany take a bath to further wind down. Good idea. Yet Brittany isn't in the tepid, soapy water several minutes before Lacey catches her red-handed, i.e. diddling wildly with her red snapper, you know, the big vagina dentata. Brittany at this point decides to open up (figuratively speaking, initially), stating that she's a bona fide actress – her latest video being 'The Art of Tease'. Lacey is so exhilarated, she can't believe her ears. A real actress? In her home? How exciting. Brittany doesn't waste any time. She jumps at the opportunity to... "instruct" Lacey in the 'art'. Within mere minutes, our unexpected guest has got the boss lady on her hands and knees and is spanking the insolent wench silly. Masters appears with the wine (actually, a bottle of champagne... seems the schlep can't do anything right) and – seeing his anal retentive bitch-of-a-nag wife bent over, getting her pussy eaten by a hot slut like Brittany – is agog with delight. A chance to finally stake his claim and wear the pants in the house? You got it. Not before he drops 'em, though. And Brittany's right there to pick up the slack. She orders Lacey to grab the camcorder and videotape the entire tryst, not allowing Lacey the slightest bit of pleasure (such as playing with her own clit). What we get then is an interesting bit of a film within a film. Brittany grabs hold of Masters' tube

steak and begins brushing her teeth with it. "How does it make you feel," Brittany whorlishly asks Lacey's camera lens. "Me, sucking your husband's cock?" While Lacey watches in torturous heat, Brittany moves to the edge of the bed and lets Masters abuse her in the highly commendable old world style of doggy. He also spansks her wonderful white, rippling ass 'til the moist dough cheeks brandish a stupendous rouge tint. "That was actually completely unexpected," Brittany recently told me in an interview. "I had no idea. No idea! Originally, you see, it was supposed to be the other way around, where they (Lacey and Masters) took advantage of me". But (laughs) there was a complete turnaround, where I dominate them. I was a little unsure of myself, because it was a change of my own personality. So, I just threw myself into the role. I'm not at all a... I came across as a very dominant person and very manipulative... I'm not that way actually in real life. I'm more of just a sweet, easy-going person. So I enjoyed it because it was a stretch from my real self."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch... Instead of prematurely blasting his bazooka all over Brittany's rosy reds, Masters gives both his alley cats a golden shower in fizzy wine. Lacey greedily licks the alcohol poured on Brittany's delicious puffy nipples, then gets a soak down herself before Brittany makes her roll over on her side – the wide, juicy quality of Lacey's rump now magnificently revealed – and thoroughly greases up her fudge pot. Then, ever-so-slowly, ever-so-sluttishly, Brittany guides Masters' manroot into his wife's dribbling hot dung as if it were a submarine-sized suppository. Yee-ow! Lacey makes all the prerequisite canine yelps, which, of course, is the perfect cue for another much-appreciated switch to doggy. Yet, in the sleaze of the moment, a news flash comes over the radio. Seems a female inmate has escaped from the loony bin. Oblivious to the broadcast, Masters pulls his shit-streaked dipstick out of Lacey's turd bin. Brittany, at this juncture, is at the perfect strategic point (beneath Masters' swinging, sweating balls) to gulp down the benetic goo – and poo poo. Yet the last gasp's definitely on Masters. For, as the radio announcer continues, our same escaped female nutcase was locked up for none other than castrating over 40 lucky stiff – directly after having sex with 'em! Gulp! Looks like Masters is back to wearing tampons. Ouch...

SODOMANIA 6: GANGS AND BANGS AND OTHER THINGS

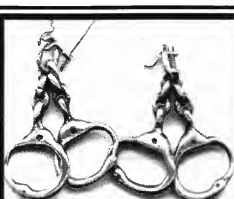
The highlight of this sleazefest is undoubtedly the initial gang-bang of new cummer Kaitlyn Ashley, aptly entitled 'A Gang-Bang Thang'. Invaded by veteran veins the likes of Peter North, Jon Dough, and T.T. Boy – as well as husband Jay Ashley – Kaitlyn uses every aperture to devour cock after cock after cock in a choad-blazing gang-bang/DP scene that leaves her multi-sperm-drenched face looking like a dripping scoop of French vanilla ice cream. What's that? A DP in a Patrick Collins video? Do our ears, let alone our pricks, deceive us? Who better to settle this issue than the glazed donut herself – Kaitlyn Ashley. Fellow smut scribe Percy B.S.

and I caught up with Ashley on the set of Bruce Seven's latest gash-to-gash, all-girl feature, *Buttslammers 6*. Here's what she had to say about her simul-ream in *Sodo 6*.

"It was my first DP. Yeah, it was exciting. Very intense. And it was spontaneous. No, it's not that I wasn't expecting it. I was. See, we took a break for a couple of minutes, and Patrick came out and asked me, 'Would you do an anal with Peter North?' I was a little sceptical at first because of Peter North's size, but I said, 'Yeah, sure, I'll try anything once.' So we got in there, and I was doing Jon on a cowgirl, and Peter just came up behind me, and we started doing a DP. Yeah, I guess you could call that whole scene an example of 'reality porn'. Patrick pulled it out of me in his office. When I first walked in there, he said, 'You give me as many guys as you want, and we'll do it.' So I chose Jon Dough, Peter North, and T.T. Boy, since I've always wanted to work with them. And then Patrick threw my husband in there just to, you know, give it a fourth guy. If you remember, the whole foundation of the scene was me talking to my husband, saying to him, 'I'd like to have a bunch of guys.' So, basically, it was reality."

What's unbelievable is how Kaitlyn survives the wrath of so many ruthlessly gushing semen hoses without the use of an aqualung (Gasp!). But, hey, it's a gang-bang tang, right?

Anyone interested in information about the videos of Patrick Collins can write to: E.A. Productions, 14141 Covello St., Unit 8C, Van Nuys, CA 91405, USA. Or call: 818-787-1414.




MANACLE


Finely crafted pewter earrings

\$5.50 Including shipping

Kelly Clark Designs
Handcrafted Costume Jewelry
2588 El Camino Real D.179
Carlsbad CA92008, USA

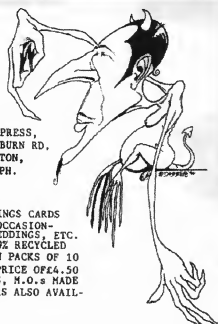


**RUBBER
FEET
PRESS**



RUBBER FEET PRESS,
TRALEE, BLACKBURN RD,
EDGORTH, BOLTON,
LANCS. BL7 0PH.
ENGLAND.

THE MOST BIZARRE GREETINGS CARDS
ON EARTH, FIT FOR ANY OCCASION -
BIRTHDAYS, FUNERALS, WEDDINGS, ETC.
90% RECYCLED CARDS/ 100% RECYCLED
ENVELOPES. AVAILABLE IN PACKS OF 10
ASSORTED FOR THE MERE PRICE OF £4.50
(inc P&P). ALL CHEQUES, M.O.s MADE
TO M.D.ROBINSON. POSTERS ALSO AVAIL-
ABLE.





Steve Green

One of the difficulties which much of horror fandom has refused to face during the past few months, as that opportunist fuck David Alton and his cronies lied their way towards the statute books, is that a great deal of the material threatened by Alton's attempted amendment of the Criminal Justice Bill is artistically and intellectually moribund, worthless even to those dickheads who watch their videos with a stopwatch in one palm and a paper tissue in the other.

For way too long, horror cinema has grown dependent upon gross-out special effects and the cutting edge of silicon surgery, at the expense of genuine dramatic tension and atmosphere. This is not to say that either of those elements have no place in the genre – if you have the appropriate contacts, I'd be happy to recommend several pre-BBFC British movies in which both figure predominantly, and many of Universal's 1940s classics were considered extreme at the time – but outside of stylistic context, they remain cheap and tawdry gimmicks to titillate the teenage target audience.

The compromise hammered out between Alton and Home Secretary Michael Howard is, of course, totally unworkable, phrases such as "inappropriate role models" and "potentially damaging to children" so ill-defined as to be meaningless. Britain already has the most severe

censorship laws in Europe, so harsh that the BBFC director James Ferman recently sacked his team of 13 examiners after demands for their relaxation, and this latest development will merely tighten the noose – as evidenced by the knee-jerk decision to pull *Beyond Bedlam*'s '18' certificate just one week before granting it, with all likelihood of loosing producer Paul Brooks his home whilst Ferman invests in new underwear.

Needless to say, horror fans will protest, point out that Professor Elizabeth Newson's much-publicised 'Video Violence and the Protection of Children' is merely a nine-page summary of existing literature commissioned by Alton himself, remind us that 'video nasties' *per se* are already illegal and have been since the Video Recordings Act 1984, tear to shreds (with *police backing*) claims that James Bulger's killers were inspired by *Child's Play 3*, draw attention to the research (original for once) undertaken by Dr Ann Hagell and Tim Newbury for the Policy Studies Institute which concluded that young offenders watch no more (and possibly fewer) videos than non-offending contemporaries. They may even dust off the ancient argument that Britain should enshrine free speech constitutionally.

And their cries of dismay will fall, largely, upon deaf ears. The tragic and despicable murders of James Bulger and Suzanne Capper left the British public stunned and in desperate need of an easy scapegoat; the tabloids were swift to resurrect the phrase "video nasties" and proffer that as the painless solution, much as American horror comics were crucified in the mid-1950s by the US Senate's subcommittee on juvenile delinquency. In an *Observer*-ICM poll of 518 adults, conducted days before the Alton-Howard deal was struck, 70% supported censorship of video violence and 77% backed a similar move for terrestrial TV (the figures dropped only slightly for sex and "strong" language, to 56/60% and 51/62% respectively), whilst just 34% agreed that "all censorship is wrong" and "people have the right to choose what they watch and read".

So it goes. Although horror films constituted just 3% of the £528M spent on rentals last year according to British Video Association estimates, their market share is proportionately greater in single outlets (already under strain) than the major chains. As the corner shops close their doors for good and chains such as Blockbuster/Titles (with an estimated 22% market share) avoid the hassle by ditching horror completely, one can only wonder at the next choice of scapegoat. Computer games? Children's television? Single mothers? *Headpress* columnists? The groundwork's already being laid.

In the meantime, as Hammer rises from the ashes and Roger Corman announces plans to re-locate in the UK, perhaps now is the time for British horror cinema to return to its roots, to turn these repressive measures to its advantage and use any resulting damage to the import of American releases as an opportunity to bring a little style and panache back to British cinemas. I recognize it's a small fucking consolation, but such has become our diet these days.



I had the 'fortune' of being stranded in Faversham recently. I was sitting on a wall with my fiancé, waiting for our car to be fixed by a local garage, when suddenly a loud clattering came from behind us. A middle-aged, bearded, bald-headed man was coming down some steps on a pushbike, obviously out of control. He only stopped from running straight into the (busy) main road when he hit the back of the wall we were sitting on. Quite naturally there was a look of total surprise on his face. However, this was followed not by embarrassment on his part, but fits of hideous laughter.

All the time he was approaching us, he was throwing his head back and laughing.

When he pulled up to where we were sitting, he insisted on grabbing onto my arm (a common trait in crazy people) and telling us that he was the happiest guy alive. "I'm the happiest guy alive!" Then he'd laugh. I thought he might have been trying to sell us something, but the more he talked, the less I believed this to be the case. "Are you in love?" he laughed. "Don't tell me – you're waiting for the chip shop to open?"

He wore a battered grey cardigan and there was – what looked like – age-old tomato ketchup encrusted on the end of his nose.

When this rivetting one-way conversation came to its end, the man leapt onto his bike and pulled straight out onto the road. A car swerved to avoid him. We could hear him laughing.

Angela, Kettering

One rainy day, while I was waiting for a bus, a guy (late-40s) stormed into the bus shelter and immediately blurted, "Pissin' weather. Shite." He didn't bother to take note of who might have been in the shelter or possibly offended by such language, just stormed in and started to curse the fact that "weathermen are fuckin' shite." And that his own son was a teacher in a school.

I groaned to myself when I realized that this half-wit

in a baseball cap had latched onto me in particular. In the ten-or-so minutes he stood waiting for his bus, I got to hear how "shite" buses are; how a friend of his got murdered; how the local swimming baths are a fuckin' disgrace; and that his son never batters his kids.

He made this last point an issue, eventually boxing himself into a corner and admitting that his son "... er ... doesn't h-hit them *too* much. Just enough. Maybe once." Then his bus arrived and, sensing he was almost as relieved as I was, he hopped on.

Considering that he had been only too happy to open his heart a few minutes earlier, the guy in the baseball cap sat furtively in his seat on the bus, not bothering to glance up or at those of us still waiting in the shelter.

This might have been the end of my story, if not for a chance encounter a few weeks later...

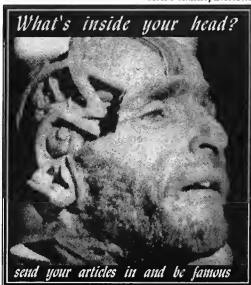
It was approximately 10.30pm. I had just left an Indian restaurant and was walking home, when I heard footsteps coming up behind me. Naturally, I turned around for a look. It was baseball-head himself. I quickly turned back and quickened my pace. But, it was no good. "That fuckin' war, I tell ya." Again, it did not seem to matter at whom he was levelling his obscenities (there's no way he could have recognised me), and soon he was right along side, spewing his vitriolic nonsense. I didn't give him more than a minute before finally snapping and telling him to shove it up his arse.

Ken Wright, Southport

Last week, near the centre of town, I saw a bloke wearing a disposable nappy on his head. Admittedly, it was raining hard. The nappy seemed to be held on with masking tape, and, sadly, it didn't appear to have been used.

Recently, I have also seen an Asian guy standing in the middle of the road talking excitedly to his wristwatch as if it were a James Bond-style two-way radio. Hey, for all I know it was!

Sierra Charlie, Leicester.





the curious world of FRANKO B

David Slater

A [young] man kneels before another [older] visible only from the waist down. He is partially covered with a red polka-dot cotton sheet, raised enough to expose his white buttocks. Between his supporting hands lies a teddy bear a shade or two paler than his ass. His face is like that of a terrified child about to cry, slightly distorted due to the grimy hand pushing the back of the head, forcing the face into the groin preventing the flaccid cock slipping from the mouth.

The connotations are disturbing. The crouching figure is the victim, instantly identifiable as that and thus banal, sympathetic. The unidentifiable abuser however, provokes conjecture. Visible only as leg, cock, hand, his identity is catalogued with an unending stream of patriarchal possibilities: it is the father; uncle, elder brother, boarding school headmaster; boys' home warden; evangelical preacher and so on.

A naked man sits in a collapsible wheelchair. His

wrists and ankles are bound to the frame, a chain secures his chest. His face is enclosed in a gasmask, eyes invisible behind circles of glass rendered opaque with reflection.





The gas filter has been removed to expose a screaming mouth. Another figure stands directly behind, seen only from the waist down, bare belly, jeans, boots. His hands are fist-balled and gripping a rope. The rope is wrapped around the neck of the wheelchair-bound man, taut and strangling. The victim's penis is erect.

Looking at the photographs, one wonders where they could be exhibited. Their artistic quality merits exhibition. Their content would deny them such exposure. In 1985 Franko B. born in Italy but resident in Britain for over eight years, launched on a foundation course in art which led to a three year Fine Art painting course. During this time he became involved in performance-based work using film in Super-8 and 16mm formats. Within a year on the B.A. course Franko found that painting was too restrictive in terms of technique, language, medium and so on. He reached a point that he felt he could not exceed. The course was void of discourse, "My lecturers would come in around every 10 days and say, 'I like that. Do another ten of the same!'" It was becoming very desperate; I even contemplated leaving the course but I was very fortunate in that I could move to another department within the same college." The new department was called Alternative Learning Media. It was originally set up in the early 70s as an overflow catchment for failed painting students. The department

catered for students interested in performance, installation, film/video, sound and so on. Over the years his work has changed from deliberately aesthetic to a more personal nature.

Slush Puppy. A face looms on the screen, staring into the camera. It screams silently, grimaces, shudders to a blur, loops back to the start. Over and over. Projected on a large surface area it would become almost disturbingly hypnotic.

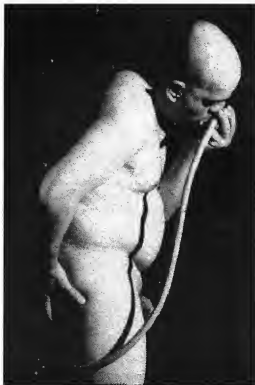
When I Grow Up I Want To Be Beautiful is a monochrome video installation peopled by naked men, some lying as though dead, another struggling to stand upright supported by crutches, another in a wheelchair. A man dances in a suspended cage, one sits bound in twine, and one is secured with a dog leash. A baby holds a pair of handcuffs and no doubt wants to grow up and be beautiful too. Music is by The Identicals.

HEADPRESS: When did you come over to England?

FRANKO B: I came to London in June, 1979. When I left Italy I did not really know where I was going, or for how long. What I did know was that I was desperate to get out of Italy for a few reasons – my family, the Italian army service and Italians.

Do you have regular exhibitions of your photographs?

I have now, in the last two years or so since I have been using my flat (which is also my studio) to show my





work. Not surprisingly, especially here in England, it has been impossible to get a space where I can show my work, particularly with photography, whereas on the other hand, one of my videos *When I grow up I want to be Beautiful* has been shown at various independent festivals here in Europe, the States and Canada.

So how long have you been involved in performance art?

I started around eight years ago working at first on other people's projects. My last show, SLUSH PUPPY, was not a live performance as such but a video/photographic installation piece. On the other hand, to me the work is also performance.

Have there been any complications occurring during a performance?

Not really, except a few times. Once when I was at art college other students and some lecturers objected to me showing or performing in the public areas of the college during my degree show because it would upset the grannies.

Does your work ever offend audience members?

Sometimes. There are two times in particular that I can remember. Once when me and a friend were running around naked in front of 150 people covered in red paint. Moving images of erect penises were projected on the audience. Before the penises were projected onto them, the audience was very quiet. Suddenly, most of them seemed to have a panic attack and simultaneously

screamed. A few people left.

Another time I remember was in a disused synagogue in Brick Lane in the East End of London. I was asked to show a piece of work in the space. While my film was showing (called *Songs About Happiness*) most of the audience turned their backs to the screen. I was told that I was "insensitive to the space."

Why was your last show entitled Slush Puppy?

Because that is what I am.





TAKE IT FROM THE OLD UNDERTAKER...

LOTTA PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE
SEEN DEAD IN A...

SHUFF SHIRT

GET INTO THIS

DEAD ROCK STARS



GET INTO THIS

DEAD FILM STARS



SN001 - Dead Rock Stars
SN002 - Dead Film Stars
Price £15 each in p&p (Europe
+ 50p, USA/ Elsewhere + £1.00)
Cash (UK/US currency only),
cheques, P.Os payable to:
Robert Walker
18 Peter Street, Manchester,
M25GR, Great Britain.

SHUFF SHIRTS

THE SHIRTS WITH REAL, DEAD PEOPLE

XL
ONE SIZE
FITS 'EM ALL
A BLESSING
AT
\$15.00
INC. P&P

SHUFF SHIRTS
18 PETER STREET
MANCHESTER
M25GR

Hot Wheels Heaven

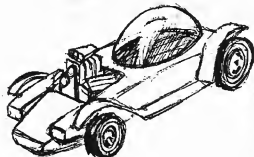
PURPLE RAGE

Bob Walker

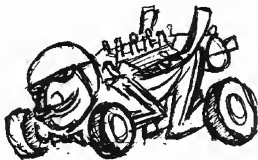
1968 – The aerospace age was well underway, rock and roll was infiltrated by psychedelic drugs, the average American car had a 7-litre engine, and Mattel Toys produced its first Hot Wheels. Nothing would ever be the same again.

As a child of the time I was fed the standard diecast model cars, pedestrian replicas of your bog-standard British vehicles – Cortinas, Morris Minors, Minis, etc. Humdrum everyday reality, internal combustion engine as donkey. Hot Wheels, on the other hand, contaminated my six-year-old mind with notions of internal-combustion-as-rebel, -revolutionary and -automotive-frontiersman. The American road dream: not through Jack Kerouac or Hunter S. Thompson but through the work of Californian custom builders (Hot Dog! Big Daddy!), miniaturised and stamped-out by the million – Hot Wheels!

Ah yes, a world of side pipes, superchargers, velocity stacks, fat slicks and huge amounts of chrome. Cars for longhairs, wide boys, hoodlums and thugs. "American rubbish," said my father, which, of course, only made me worse. The milk float still came down the street every day, but I saw the ghost images of surfers in panel trucks, angels on huge hogs, rockers cruising down to the main drag and loose babes in Corvettes. My mind had opened up to a new highway – an earsplitting,



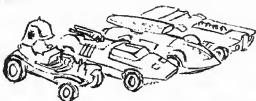
All artwork Bob Walker.



rubber-burning, ecologically unsound, adrenalin-filled mayhem. (Get this clear, I'm talking about toy cars here, so let's say goodbye now if this is getting too nerdy for you, and you can go on to the next murder story...)

Hot Wheels introduced the low-friction wheel, 'The Fastest Metal Cars in the World.' They had a red line on the tyres, torsion bar suspension and wild custom styling. They were the first toys to loop the loop, aided by gravity, flying down orange plastic track.

Over the initial half decade Mattel released dozens of crazy designs all finished in vibrant 'Spectraflame' colours. Adding to the standard 'Redline' range were various mutant ranges including 'Sizzlers' – rechargeable circuit racers; 'Rrrumblers' – incredible chopped motorcycles; and 'Revers' – rubber band powered cars which, like WW2 German rocket plane experiments, didn't work out too well. Wind 'em up, then watch 'em crawl about two feet (if you were lucky). Still, the style was there. A kinetic aesthetic which later led me to the



music of The Cramps, the Stooges and Link Wray.

A soundscape in gasoline driven 4/4 time. Bursting out of LA garages, headed straight for the heart of the swamp. The names of many of the models in the Hot Wheels range was redolent of rock and roll – 'The Prowler', 'The Hood', 'Sweet 16', 'Light My Firebird'.

Twenty-six years on, the world is turning into a giant beer commercial and the word 'roll' is divorced from 'rock'. What was metal is now plastic. The automobile, greatest killer of all time – the carbon monoxide genocide or the ultimate symbol of unchained sexual libido. From Hitler's death camps to J.G. Ballard's *Crash* the car remains the enduring symbol of Twentieth Century aspiration and malaise. In miniature, the car becomes fossilised. A testament to our de-evolution through machines as varied and complex as any dinosaur hunter could hope to find. Hot Wheels still make interesting vehicles, though thanks to some marketing mastermind somewhere you won't find them in the UK anymore... WOW! Did you see that?!

X society

a quick look at Masquerade Books

Sarah Turner

Masquerade Books in New York boast 'The World's Largest Selection of Erotica'. Their catalogue is certainly huge; predominantly fiction but, increasingly, with non-fiction work being introduced. A couple of their more recent volumes include *The Secret Record*, Michael Perkins' detailed study of modern erotic literature, and *The Making of Sensations*, Tuppy Owens' autobiographical account of life inside the first major sex movie.

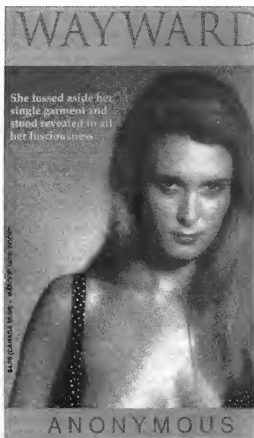
For the purpose of this piece, however, we shall concentrate on Masquerade fiction.

Many of the Masquerade novelists remain 'Anonymous' – as in the case of, say, *Man with a Maid*, the 'classic' tale of flagellation and domination (in which Jack locks his maid, Alice, into the padded, sound-proof room of his house and slaps her bottom). *Man with a Maid* is earnestly anonymous. That is, it credits no-one with authorship. Other titles, however, might specify Anonymous on the jacket, but once inside, clearly credit

the work to a 'Mary Love' or a 'Luscidia Wallace'. With *Wayward* (where a bus tours the cities of Europe with an entourage of sexually-charged individuals), 'Anonymous' is actually one Peter Jason. With *Blue Tango*, it is Hilary Manning (who is also responsible for a novel entitled *Blue Velvet*, which has, amongst its miscellany of sex characters, a stableboy by the name of Lynch...). Best of all, though, is the 'Anonymous' scribe behind *Paula*: the rather grandiose 'Akbar Del Piombo'.

Possibly one reason for this implied surreptitiousness is that it conjures images of an age gone-by, the 'Anonymous' erotic writings of, say, a *My Secret Life*, or *Autobiography of a Flea*. For many of the novels, the sense of Victoriana extends to the prose itself. An overbearing 'charmingness' opens up the majority of these works, with Chapter One inevitably bringing forth a wash of glamorous – occasionally redundant – phraseology. *Wayward*, for instance, begins:

Gay beneath its color scheme of cream and emerald, the Corona Tours luxury bus seemed to be part of Spring itself. Sunshine flashed and coruscated from its immaculate paintwork as it moved down the winding passage of the Vorarlberg. At the wheel, relaxed and competent, sat the driver. He was a big, genial, easy-going man. His name, on his travel documents, was Istvan. Istvan Laviopierre. Nationality: Swiss. [pg. 5]



The wrought detail is missing from the descriptions of the sexual acts themselves, however, replaced by bluntness and candour.

Anaka-Lee alone remained unsatisfied after her first climax. The erotica had excited her more than it had the others. And when relief had come to all, it had not been Heine who had rammed the Polynesian, poking that foot-long penis of his deep up through her cervix and into her womb. No. Heine had found himself pulled into the asshole of Reginaldo – the nearest haven he could find in which to plunge himself when the entire gathering had erupted into sudden, unpremeditated action. [Wayward, pg. 183]

As is the norm in such fiction, Masquerade sexual encounters commence within the first few pages of the book and continue, with the most arbitrary of interludes, until the book is over. These encounters cover pretty much any combination of partners and sexual stereotypes you may care to imagine. Other than the introduction of elements such as SM, homosexuality and anal sex, the majority of stories don't venture much beyond those to be found in the fiction pages of soft-porn magazines. An exception to this is 'Forbidden Fruit', a tale of incest between boy and mother. Indeed, their first coital episode is also that in which the boy loses his virginity.

"Mamma, Mamma darling, how nice! What are we doing to each other?"

"Making love, Percy dear. Don't you like it?" She pressed me closer and tighter in her arms every moment, whilst her hot, swimming cunt sucked me in ravenously at each thrust I gave.

"Making love is nice. May I do it to you often, Mamma?"

"Yes, my lovely boy, only never let a soul know it. It is thought so improper. But now Percy, push it all in. Faster, faster. I give you my very life. Oh, oh, I'm coming. Can't you feel my warm flow?"

The above... erm... passage appears in the Masquerade collection, *The Erotic Reader Vol. 2*, and is accompanied by Percy's continued adventures with his mother, 'More Forbidden Fruit'.

Consisting mainly of fiction – Nineteenth century at that – *The Erotic Reader Vol. 2* commences with a factual discourse on 'The Philosophy of Modern Flagellation'; which is probably quite enlightening, but, seeing as huge chunks of it are in French without translation, ultimately pretentious and clumsy.

More short stories can be had in *Dangerous Lessons*. Setting the tone with 'Tears of the Inquisition' ("Owwwwwwwwoooooowrrrrhh!!!! Ohh, not there, oh dearest Mother – oh I can't bear it – I can't bear it anymore – oh my God, make him stop, Mother – why is he whipping me so horribly, what have I done?" the unfortunate girl shrieked.), the five tales here dwell on torture, defloweration, birching, servitude, lesbian sadism, lesbian initiation, hairbrush spankings, branding, dildos, and humiliation. (Not being that way inclined, I found

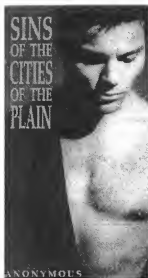


some of the descriptions of torture, although fairly mild, still a little nauseating. However, this was more than made up for by the lesbian quintet in 'Lisette Joyaux'. Very ladylike, but strangely erotic, an innocent girl glimpses by accident some light flagellation, and gets drawn into the foursome, soon to become a permanent member.)

A more speculative, more contemporary erotic fiction is provided by the Masquerade imprint, 'Rhinoceros'. This series includes works by such luminaries as Philip José Farmer (*The Image of the Beast*) and Samuel R. Delany (*Equinox*, formerly *Tides of Lust*). Also on Rhinoceros is David Aaron Clark's *The Wet Forever*.

Not a pillow book, prick-teaser or ideas manual, *The Wet Forever* is a fully blown novel. It follows a couple, Janus and Madchen, a small-time hood and a dominatrix, on a nihilistic voyage through sex joints and SM clubs. Sex is neither the focus of, nor an insert into the story, but rather, an integral part of it. Because of this, the book has more dimension than the 'classic' erotica seen above. However, Clark is still guilty of the Initial Poetical Overload, that 'glamorous redundancy', as adjectives are compounded. 'Stray naps of scraggy, woolly gray-and-black hair peeked out from underneath a wine-red watchman's cap that was caked with shiny patches of filth.' Quite.

Other Masquerade imprints, 'Badboy' and 'Rosebud',



deal specifically with Gay fiction.

Where *The Wet Forever* uses sex as part of the story, in Badboy's *Sins of the Cities of the Plain*, it is the whole story. Another anonymously penned work, *Sin's...* takes the form of a series of recollections written by a young "Mary-Ann" at the request of his male lover. These are all homosexual scenarios set within a terribly well-mannered, well-mannered underworld, where, once

persuaded, all men are happily homo and all women are non-existent. Transvestism and birching are pivotal features. The terminology is archaic, again bristling with a quaint and dated (possibly, non-existent, idealised) vision of some distant past and far-off land.

"My name is Saul, Jack Saul, sir, of Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and ready for a lark with a free gentleman any time. What was it made you take a fancy to me? Did you observe any particularly interesting points about your humble servant?" He stily looked down towards the prominent part I have previously mentioned.

Predictably, sex is unstoppable.

A Secret Life, another Badboy book, takes the European vision to even dizzier heights. Set within an English boarding school by the name of Sir Percival's Royal Academy, 18-year-old aristocrat, Master Charles Powerscourt, is soon engaging in the way of all other pupils. As page 19 reveals.

"That's spunk," he cried "You have never seen it before, have you?"

"No," I replied. "Do you think I could make any?"

(Eighteen-years-old? Surely, no bona fide, self-respecting, anonymous, Nineteenth-century novelist would be wary enough to make his virginal initiate all of 18-years-old!)

The short stories in Badboy's *Slow Burn* are contemporary by nature and more 'level-headed' than those of the 'classic' series. So, too, *Mr. Benson*, a novel that traverses New York gay bars and Millionaires' Clubs, in order that Jamie find the magnificent man of the title and learn to accept 'cruelty as love, anguish as affection'.

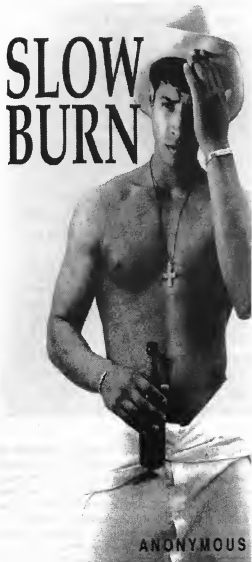
From the 'Rosebud' series, *Provincetown Summer and Other Stories*, by Lindsay Welsh, is an original collection of 'pure lesbian libido'. 'Open Curtains', in which a female Peeping Tom spies a lesbian couple in an apartment opposite, gets aroused, gets noticed, and ends

up in a threesome, is fairly typical of the ten tales.

Forthcoming titles from the Masquerade stable include a reissue of Alice Ramirez's *The Geek* (a rooster who performs in a circus act with a Geek, a man so bestially dehumanized that he will do anything for a paying audience), and a new Samuel Delaney work, *The Mad Man* (a graduate student, while researching the life and work of a brilliant philosopher, is drawn toward more shocking, depraved sexual entanglements with the homeless men of his neighbourhood).

All-in-all, a varied and increasingly articulate set of works. Victoriana coming of age, so to speak.

Masquerade Books can be contacted at 801 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, USA.



Where dreams come true

Andrew Darlington

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman. Especially when you're a man.

I first see Tim in a sleazy Leeds cabaret. Pattie, the girl I'm with, points him out in tones of delicious intrigue. He's perched demurely on a bar-stool in full immaculate drag, soothing his dress fastidiously with some frail dignity, discrete make-up and 1930s decadence cigarette-holder. Over the following weeks I get to know Tim much better. Pattie is fascinated by him. We exchange confidences. He has a flat in Headingley where he gives guitar lessons. TV-ing only at weekends when he dons padded bra, layers of latex, lipstick, powder and paint. He's unpredictably intelligent, a quietly-spoken gentle man with soft almost hairless hands and a social instability that he doesn't quite understand.

We sit on the floor with a lavalight crawling patterns as he tries to explain. At one stage he thought he was Gay. He'd experimented with boyfriends. He enjoyed it when they gave him head. But then - who doesn't enjoy a blow-job? But no, he now thinks he's not Gay. He just feels at ease in frocks. I find him a little unsettling. But Pattie is increasingly mesmerized. She begins helping him apply his make-up, suggesting shades and techniques. They develop an intimacy that eventually

excludes me. And following a break-up over some stupid sexual misdemeanour, she moves in with him. They now share his flat. Occasionally I see them on adjacent bar-stools at the Leeds cabaret. All girls together.

Love is a many gendered thing.

I think of Tim now that cross-dressing is high on the sexual agenda. Now that the Frock of the New is suddenly pressing all the right G-spots from S&M to M&S, while suggesting new dimensions of the *Joys of Sex* in a dress.

Take *Mrs Doubtfire*; Robin Williams as Mrs Thatcher and Mary Poppins co-existing in the same body. It's a movie that rides the gender fault-line in the guise of a comedy of Family Values, with Politically Correct peripherals. You know the story. Williams-as-man loses his job and loses his family. A post-divorce out-of-work, voice-over actor who faces losing access rights to the matrimonial brats. Hence Williams-as-woman; a cosily upholstered sexagenarian Scottish widow, a cuddler, busomier, more maternal matron who bluffs himself off as a Housekeeper/Nanny for his own children. Suspend disbelief. Enjoy the wrong toilet gags, the sequence where he sets fire to his false tits ("my first day as a woman, and already I'm getting hot flushes"), ignore the absurdity and it's a mildly funny film.

But does it help or hinder a real understanding of cross-dressing? It neuters both the lure and threat of transvestism. It's been done better. Ask Tim. In another universe, 'Transformation T.V.' is a German-run satellite late-night station beaming down TVs on TV, for TVs. Test transmission went out through the Astra satellite from 18th December 1993, and they're now negotiating for a regular band. They claim it as 'narrow-casting' (as distinct from Broadcasting) because their intention is not to titillate a mass audience, but to focus on, and talk directly to dedicated transvestite viewers only. Their cameras probe into the kind of tawdry She-male sub-world were podgy middle-aged married men re-emerge as glam-queens in a derangement of handbags and hormones. Where truck-drivers come out as Widow Twanky lookalikes in high-heels and fishnets. It's these uneasy Pantomime Dame transfigurations that raise all the awkward questions that *Mrs Doubtfire* lampoons.

Transvestism carries out a constant gender terrorism by full-frontally attacking the traditional sexual hierarchy. That's why vested interest (no pun intended) retaliate so viciously at the merest hint of 'Transformation T.V.'. Olga Maitland – rentamouth Tory reactionary – voices her disgust and rage at the first suggestion of it penetrating and morally polluting our airwaves. All manner of televisual atrocity is allowed direct into your front room on every channel. But *serious* men in frocks? There are queer dimensions to Drag that confront and disturb in ways that healthily hetero ballistic mayhem does not.

Not much gets to step outside the traditional ways the media has of dealing with TVs. The first strategy is titillation. It takes you far enough to flirt. But does it in a safely straight context. The second strategy is ridicule.

An American poet called Jesse Glass stayed over with me for a month. We went to gigs and clubs together, and he watched some television. Before he left he said, "Why do so many comedians on British TV dress up as women?" I had no ready answer. It was something I'd never really considered. Perhaps it's something to do with the legacy of the English Public School system? But think: Les Dawson stole his dressed-up and dressed-down housewife routine from Music Hall star Norman Evans. And between the two incarnations it's difficult to think of any comedian who has *not* got frocked-up for laughs – Dick Emery, Benny Hill, Morecambe and Wise, the entire Monty Python team, right through to the Alternative Cabaret turns like Eddie Izzard. Man as woman is funny. And it's funny because it itches forbidden desires suppressed deep in the psyche. Because by laughing at it we remove its threat. The disturbing suggestion that men might benefit from opening themselves to their own feminine aspects.

But Drag is international, and multi-media. *Glen or Glenda* is a trash-exploitation 1950s movie from eccentric auteur Edward D. Wood, Jr. Despite being inept and unconsciously comic in black and white retrospect, it did up-front cross-dressing sympathetically as 'Glen' confides his secret habit to his fiancé. In semi-documentary style with deep meaningful commentary, it records her shock and confusion at the revelation, until she thinks it through, and generously agrees to share her wardrobe with him. It's a rare example of openness, which might just be explained by a closer examination of Wood's own private life! But elsewhere in movie-land – conforming to the strategy of safe titillation – the plotline demands a motive *other* than 'gender dysfunction' for dressing-up. While the actors involved claim they do it only for the challenge. Well, they would, wouldn't they?

Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis were on the run from Mafia hitmen when they took to skirts to join an all-girl band – which happened to include Marilyn Monroe. *Some Like It Hot* sets the pattern. Robbie Coltrane drops into the same routine for the more recent *Nuns on the Run*. Alec Guinness cross-dresses in *Kind Hearts and Coronets* with more sinister intent, as will pervy serial killers from *Psycho* to *Silence of the Lambs*. Then Kurt Russell switches the motivation again, as an undercover

cop in the unconvincing guise of a woman in *Tango and Cash*. There is more psychological dimension to *Tootsie*. Dustin Hoffman is an out-of-work method actor who becomes a Soap Opera hit as 'Dorothy'. He goes through all the usual comic clichés – sharing a bed with the girl he fancies who thinks of him as a woman, pace Jack Lemmon's lusting for Monroe. Such sequences reinforce the underlying normality that, beneath the lipstick, powder and paint, these men remain *men*. But *Tootsie* takes it further. 'Dorothy' is more successful as a woman, more confident careerwise, and more Feminist than Real women. He/she even propagandises Feminist values to the erstwhile airhead object of his affections. Perhaps only a man can be a New Woman? *Mrs Doubtfire* is a less effective cross-dressing *Tootsie* revamp. Here cinema's New Man in drag returns in defence of the Nuclear Family via role-reversal, rather than opening



out the dialogue into more potentially subversive areas.

More effective is Neil Jordan's *The Crying Game*. Here, it's only mid-film that the beautiful black night club singer is discovered to be male, played to poised perfection by Jaye Davidson. There are pitifully few other exceptions to the Drag convention. There's the visually sumptuous *Farewell My Concubine*. And Harvey Fierstein's semi-autobiographical *Torch Song Trilogy*, the story of a fast-talking, gravel-throated star drag queen at Brooklyn's Club East Fourth, a sexually suspect fusion of Tom

Waits doing Marlene Dietrich. Harvey also guests as the Gay make-up artist responsible for the 'Mrs Doubtfire' transformation.

[There's a curious movie by the name of *Dinah East*, which claims that a renowned – but unidentified – leading actress of 20 years was actually a man in drag. This, 'Hollywood's strangest story', only came to 'light' on the death of glamorous star; on the mortuary slab with a shady pathologist making advances on the corpse. – Eds.]

Or you can Walk on the Wilde Side with Andy Warhol's Superstar Trannies. Loving the sleaze, but portraying it directly, without cinematic artifice. Holly Woodlawn was a Warhol Drag Queen. It was s/he who Lou Reed documented hitch-hiking across the USA, who 'plucked his eyebrows on the way/shaved his legs, and then he was a she....'

"I'm fascinated by boys who spend their lives trying to be complete girls," admits Warhol. "I'm not saying it's not self-defeating and self-destructive, and I'm not saying it's not possibly the single most absurd thing a man can do with his life. What I'm saying is, it is very hard work to look like the complete opposite of what nature made of you, and then to be an imitation of what was only a fantasy woman in the first place." (Warhol by Victor Bokris).

Lipstick, powder and paint. Is you is, or is you ain't..?

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman. Especially when you're a man. The soundtrack for *Mrs Doubtfire* cunningly selects Aerosmith's 'Dude Looks Like A Lady', and then 'Walk Like A Man', a song with levels of meaning exploited first in Italianate Doo-Wap by the Four Seasons, and then as Gay Disco by Divine. But between them hangs a cleverly disguised tail. In Rock 'n' Roll, it has always helped to flaunt cross-dressing credentials. Kurt Cobain played with slag-aesthetic for photo-shoots. So, too, Smashing Pumpkins. Even Dando (Lemonheads) did it at Glastonbury. Queen's video for 'It's A Hard Life' gender-switches into a surreal *Coronation Street* with Freddie Mercury as Bet Gilroy. U2's video for 'It Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing' hangs out with transvestites, suggesting that it's even better than the real thing. But the Rolling Stones did it as far back as 1966, with a tarty Brian Jones in Andrew Sisters uniform to promote 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows?'. Jagger went one better for the movie *Performance*, which remains the most lushly seductive advertisement for androgyny yet. David Bowie's 'Boys Keep Swinging' has the thin white one *en femme* in various girlic disguises, destroying the illusion by blatantly smearing his lipstick with the back of his hand.

Elvis Presley cross-dressed at least once. In the abysmal movie *Girl Happy*, he dons skirts as a pathetic plot-device enabling him to escape from jail.

And even Paul McCartney's 'sweet Loretta Martin thought she was a woman/but she was another man ...'.

Ru Paul is a 6' 7" TV who co-hosted this year's Brits

Vice. And Versa.



Mick Jagger.



And Mick Jagger.

performance.

James Fox/Mick Jagger
Anita Pallenberg/Michele Breton

Written by Donald Cammell / Directed by Donald Cammell & Nicolas Roeg
Produced by Sanjara Liebenzon in Technicolor
A Goodtimes Enterprises Production from Warner Bros
Hear Mick Jagger sing "Mama From Tootsie" in the

Awards fancy-dress ball. S/he also stands in for Kiki Dee on Elton John's current dance-mix of 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart'. Beyond that, only New York Dolls and Jayne County are more disconcertingly *real*. And that's the genuine upsetter. They're the real Lost Boys of the gender-identity crisis. James might sing about 'dressed me up in woman's clothes/messed around with gender roles' (on *Laid*), but Jayne County – formerly Wayne County – took it all the way.

Meanwhile, in another universe, 'T.V. Changelings' takes this tainted love from the screen, the CDs and the videos, and takes it to Birmingham, London and Dublin. 'Spend four hours being pampered as only a woman can be. We provide absolutely everything to transform you into a beautiful glamorous woman.' 'Transformation Shops' offer a similarly exotic range, with mail-order facilities for the faint of heart – 'Imagine yourself gradually transformed into a shapely beautiful female. Sexy satins and silks to caress your skin, tight lacing corsetry to encase your body. An Aladdin's Cave with everything a cross-dresser could wish for.' 'T.V. World'

does it mail-order with a catalogue 'featuring dozens of genuine transvestites showing unique products that convincingly re-shape the male body'. It even offers 'false boobs' - 'realistic copies of the real things that can be altered to fit any size bra', or can be worn bra-less with the 'specially-formulated adhesive to ensure safe and secure fixing'.

Of course, what they offer is a romance of fantasy womanhood that deals only with the surface female traits - no Drag Queens menstruate. [Though we do recall a Reader's Letter of a Men's magazine which stipulated how the writer - a cross-dresser - went so far as to placing a Tampax in his anus at his 'time of the month'.

Eds. again.] They're less women trapped in men's bodies, the myth of glamour. A flattery of imitation. But this is where TV dreams come true, beyond mere Rock Singers and Movie Stars flirtily frocked-up like serial killers in drag to twitch the commercial libido. This is another aspect of 'Transformation T.V.' narrow-casting to dumpy middle-aged married men who play out Monroe or Liza Minelli games of decadence in suspender belts and lingerie, got up in slinky little cocktail numbers, or re-emerging from boutiques as glamour queens in corsets.

Sometimes a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, even if it means doing it in bra and lace knickers. And that's what genuinely assaults the gender status quo. When it's your neighbour. Your uncle. You. And Tim.

"The first and most basic duality you learn in life is the male-female one." We sit on the floor of Tim's flat with the lavalight crawling patterns, as he tries to explain. "Every aspect of life is built around that duality. And anything that challenges it, challenges the most fundamental assumptions of society. Attractions are meant to be directed at the opposite sex in others, not at the opposite sex within yourself. But sexuality is not a black and white thing. Maleness and femininity are not absolute states. Sexuality is more a spectrum of colours that merge gradually from one shade into the next, and they're all equally worthy of expression. The male that exists within the female. And the female that exists within men. TV-ing is a way of touching those aspects of yourself that you're otherwise forced to deny. TV-ing is a way of touching the tender and creative female aspect within me."

A lot of this is basic Jung; his theories of the animus and anima - the maleness within a woman, and the femaleness within a man. It's an established part of psychoanalysis clear back to Sigmund himself. A tradition that recognises that patriarchy - structures of male power - are in many cases based on the sublimination of those female aspects within the male. As writer and academic Anthony Easthope explains, "the masculine ego is so much more aggressive because it feels it must actively defend itself against its own divided sexuality", which leads to the exaggerated macho postures, ferocious tribal and pseudo-military displays of what are stereotyped as excessively masculine behaviour.

According to this scenario, encouraging the expression of the female aspects within men attacks fascist aggro

behaviour at its root cause. Which is why transvestites, 'Transformation T.V.' and 'T.V. Changeways' are dangerous.

"Transvestism is a gauge of tolerance," writes Vazquez Montalban. TVs appear in public "like snails when the historical downpour abates. Transvestites act as prophets in times of radical political change. They train the public eye, showing people that appearance is ephemeral." (Barcelona, Verso Books.)

Most media-transvestism is too close to the edge of parody and safe conformist ridicule to open up the dialogue. Its effect is to reinforce stereotypes rather than attack them.



After seeing the recent issue of HEADPRESS, I thought you might be interested in my experience seeing Tiffany Mynx's live performance in NYC last autumn. . .

Randomly chosen (?) passers-by, being interviewed on the morning news on a wet September day in New York City, applaud Disney's plans to develop the last remaining block of the legendary "as it was" 42nd Street and turn it into someplace one can "walk safely" and "take the kids". Why these people can't simply use an adjoining street I really don't know.

Anyway, just across the road, on the corner of 8th Avenue and 42nd lies The Show World Centre, described in *Screw* as "Time Square's most enduring monument to the masturbatory arts, offering the absolute cutting edge in futuristic porn technologies." I think I safely say AI's getting a tad carried away here, leading any unwary person to expect something culled from the set of *Blade Runner*, or maybe an occurrence along the lines of Jenny Agutter's materialization in *Logan's Run*.

In reality, the ground floor of the SWC is a mass of video booths (which, to be honest, are a bit of a waste of

time) and a slightly expensive video- and bookstore (you'll find the same goods at a cheaper price down the road), so I immediately made my way upstairs past scantily clad women looking for prospective one-on-one customers, paid my ten bucks and went through the turnstile.

On arrival, nothing is happening on-stage - I spy someone getting made up - so I decide to check out the two cinemas, one of which is so dark (c'mon, you don't need me to tell you why) I can't tell if any of the seats are occupied, but the films are pretty routine XXX so I'm glad when the live action finally kicks into gear.

Unfortunately, the opening act (sorry, but her name quickly faded from memory) left something to be desired; "passed her prime" would probably be a fairly accurate description, but then I'd be presuming a prime. Anyway, she seemed pretty eager to milk the meagre audience for all she could: when one latecomer seated himself on the second row of the side she was "performing" (the stage is surrounded by seats on three sides and a mirrored wall on the other) but refused to hand over a dollar bill, she promptly moved sides, telling all her front row customers to switch seats. It was pretty amusing. Still, I wasn't unhappy when the show was over, and returned to some video viewing (which had improved in the interim).

There was quite a wait before Tiffany Mynx, the main attraction, took the stage. Many of the audience seemed to be growing impatient, but her entrance (*Oh dear - Eds.*) was greeted with a generous round of applause. The Mynxster's act consisted of four numbers, and had a pretty interesting choice of music to accompany it; I'll never listen to Alice in Chains' *Would* (which sounded great and was very effective in the context) in the same light again. She switched between performing with a stainless steel dildo and a cigarette (yes), to interacting with those seated in the front row in a very sexy but humorous manner. There was a surprisingly *unsleazy* feel to the whole show, though vociferous anti-porn lobbyists (I can think of a better word for 'em) would, of course, disagree. She also seemed to have a cold and stopped a couple of times to sneeze, making it easy to relate to her as a person rather than just viewing her as an object.

Chatting with the affable and clearly intelligent Tiffany after she's posed - naked and 'exposed' - for polaroids with a few of the punters, the vet of over 100 movies (for those wishing to sample Tiffany on tape, she herself recommends the *Sodomania* series, with number 5 getting the edge on the rest [See the Patrick Collins interview this issue/last issue - Eds again]) was surprised that her films were not (legally) available in Britain, erroneously believing Europe to be more liberal than America. Thus, most readers will be deprived of not only seeing this gorgeous lady on 'celluloid' but also of regular stints at establishments such as the SWC. And hey, isn't this meant to be a free country... Sorry, guess I was back in New York for a second there.

Miles Wood, London

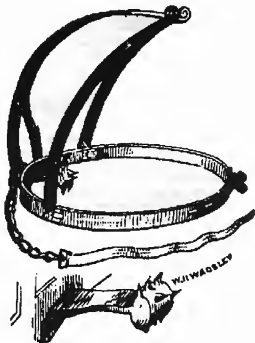
Miles Wood is editor of *Children of a Far Greater God*, the magazine devoted to the US sitcom *Married... With Children*. Issue #4 is reviewed in the Culture Guide.

Is it possible to subscribe to HEADPRESS even though I live in a country that knows what's best for me? If my country really knew what was best for me, they'd help me to obtain pictures of the war and rape atrocities in Bosnia-Herzegovina (sp?). But of course no one in their right mind would ever admit to that, right! Anyway, your magazine is art at its most existential and essential. Keep up the good work.

Phillip E. Krantz, Albany, NY

Thanks for the vote of confidence. Sure you can subscribe. Anyone, anywhere can subscribe! Even if you live in Peru.

While lying in bed one morning reading a book on medieval torture, I came across an old Stockport instrument of punishment, referred to as 'the most brutal example of the *English brank*'. It had a special plate to pin down the tongue of the noisy recidivist. The helmet



BRANK AT STOCKPORT.

was strapped over the head and was pressed down firmly. This is the original Stockport 'Head-Press'.

Tim Buggie, Aberdeen

Send your letters to the editorial address on page 1

RED NOISE

Simon Whitechapel

Jeffrey Dahmer was, and perhaps still is, a Black Sabbath fan; Dennis Nilsen used to get very drunk and listen to loud Rick Wakeman on earphones; Adolf Hitler wrote an opera, *Wayland the Smith*, in imitation of Wagner. Is there any necessary connection between extremity of action and musical tastes? Probably not.

All-time top ten albums are not something that tends to be top of the police's list when it comes to questioning the latest serial killer but I've always suspected that the average s.k. would be far more likely to be a Bruce Springsteen than a Whitehouse or Mittelschmerz fan. Charles "Interesting" Manson was inspired by a Beatles song, *Helter Skelter*, that even at the time can't have been too near the cutting edge of avant garde musical endeavour, so it seems that it ain't necessarily what hits your ears, it's what your mind does with it afterwards.

However, though a serial killer might be more interested in an article on Bruce Springsteen or the Beatles, someone interested in serial killers probably

won't. So, where to begin? The beginning's probably the best place and for the purposes of the present article that will be the electric guitar. Dozens of rock'n'roll animal names instantly spring to mind (to yours, anyway), but it'd probably be interesting to look at groups playing music that represents something vaguely extreme as far as sound goes: *Depêche Mode* would have a good claim for inclusion in the survey if the main criterion were that of oddity of thematic taste.

All the same, there are some "mainstream" artists worthy of brief mention before noisier waters are fathomed. Oi! music, for example, represents merely a pumped-up version of punk, but it's also the preferred means of expression of Blood and Honour, a musical alliance forged around the infamous neo-Nazi band Skrewdriver. Blood and Honour is devoted to having punch-ups with the Anti-Nazi League and promoting extreme right-wing politics. The name of the affiliated No Remorse, for example, is a comment on the movement's attitude to the Holocaust (which a. didn't happen anyway, and b. was only giving people what they deserved if it did), and at a typical B&H gig the eye is dazzled by the light flashing from shaven scalps and swastika rings as fists are pumped skywards¹. Quite how a bastardized and very noisy form of rock'n'roll would fit with the majesty and dignity of the B.N.P.'s New Britain is difficult to imagine, but then fascism always



was an irrationalist movement.

But Oi! doesn't really get full acoustic mileage out of America's greatest contribution to world civilization. Three present-day forms of music that do, or try to, are industrial and death metal and hardcore. Industrial metal is a hybrid form fertilized by something outside the age-old guitar-bass-and-drums format, so if that's put to one side for later, there really are only two extreme "traditional" forms to attend to, death metal and hardcore.

Death metal has been said to be the offspring of Black Sabbath by Blue Cheer by Mötörhead by Venom. It's heavy, distorted, sometimes very fast, sometimes very slow, and the unintelligible-by-definition vocals generally trend of death and decomposition in their various forms. How old it is difficult to say. The American "grindcore" band Repulsion were producing some very unpleasant noises as far back as 1986: the album that probably defines the genre in all its cheesy glory, *Obituary's Slowly We Rot*, appeared in 1989. Obituary haven't fulfilled the promise of that album, and perhaps there was no promise to begin with, but writing a song about the changes undergone during cadaveric decomposition has to be worthwhile in some sense, if only as proof that it can be done.

And as natives of Florida, Obituary haven't of course realized the full comic potential of the genre. Their fellow Americans Decide?, forming the vanguard of the satanic tendency in death metal, are probably liable to the same criticism. It's impossible to be absolutely sure, but it's probable that Decide do take their avowed mission to win the world for Satan seriously. Their bass-playing vocalist, Glenn Benton, has branded an upside-down cross into his forehead, fathered a son called Damien, and received death threats from the Animal Liberation Front after boasting about the bloody fate awaiting small reptiles and rodents trespassing on his property in the Florida swamplands. Is all this a giant piss-take? Who can be sure?

Two European bands, on the other hand, Carcass and Pungent Stench, definitely do play it for laughs. Slipping of late, Liverpool's Carcass in their day were a genuinely revolting artistic proposition. Whether it's true or not

that a record shop employee lost their breakfast unpacking copies of a Carcass album featuring full-colour autopsy snaps, the story did say something about the band's extremity. Having been setting medical dictionaries and pathology manuals to "music" for over half a decade now, they haven't really left much room for further innovation in the "grizzly reality" corner of the death metal genre. Austria's Pungent Stench have done much the same in the "grizzly fantasy" corner. Thunderously heavy and tongue-in-cheek at one and the same time, their music has explored such themes as the "re-birthday", in which a abused handicapped child *eats* his way back into his mother's womb, and their album covers, some of the best in the field, have drawn on the literally freakish work of the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin.

Hardcore (not to be confused with the dance genre of the same name) is an altogether more serious proposition. Generally said to descend from punk through such bands as Discharge and Black Flag, hardcore is very fast, very intense music with a purpose. The band who perhaps define the genre (at least as I see it) and perhaps produce the best music within it are Ipswich's Extreme Noise Terror. E.N.T. have serious ideological objections both to capitalism and to songs that last longer than two minutes. It's generally impossible to tell what their two-man vocal assault is bawling about over the headlong guitar and drums but with song titles like *Third World Genocide (By Arms Trade)* and *Conned through Life*, you don't really need to try. More recent work like *Knee-Deep In Ordure*, however, indicates that there is a lighter side to their output, and the band's right-on reputation may have been tarnished in the eyes of some by rumours that a fairly recent collaboration with the unclassifiable (and usually crap) K.L.F. resulted in royalty cheques for sums not unadjacent to £1000 finding their way to individual band members. In general, however, the hardcore scene is a single-mindedly "committed" one, handing out a regular lyrical mauling to multi-national corporations and other such pillagers of Mother Earth's larder.

To a lesser extent, the same is true of industrial metal, the latest twist taken by the electric guitar on its journey to the millennium. The name isn't perfect but it more or less adequately summarizes the genre's roots, which lie in heavy metal and industrial music. Industrial music (of which more presently) is a huge genre, far more diverse in sound and philosophy than any other: from it, industrial metal has taken the notion that the sounds and rhythms of engines and other machines are a fruitful source of artistic inspiration. From heavy metal it draws the commitment that this source is to be exploited with standard *equipment* of guitar, bass and drums. Or drum machine, at least. Expanding rapidly though it is, the genre is still dominated by the work of two groups, the Americans Ministry and the Brits Godflesh.

Ministry, under the guidance of the hard-drinking, hard-playing Al Jourgenson, haven't always kept sufficient distance from industrial metal's heavy metal roots to warrant true vanguard status (the manically





enjoyable but hardly ground-breaking *Jesus Built My Hot Rod* being a case in point), but when they have seriously set themselves to harshening and stripping down their sound, as in the apocalyptic *N.O.W.*, they go a long way toward mending the fault. They are also, and by design, very funny, drawing on all manner of dark and dubious influences to sharpen the effect of their occasionally subtle, occasionally slapstick humour (the joke of the "skull" microphone stand used by the band in live appearances was apparently lost on British customs, who confiscated it before Ministry's 1993 tour).

Godflesh, though slipping of late (like their labelmates Carcass), have been responsible for the manufacture of tracks that in sheer unrelenting heaviness and power will doubtless form industrial metal benchmarks for years to come. Far closer than Ministry to the industrial ideal of soulless sound, Godflesh have contributed enormously to the genre, both directly and by supplying personnel to other influential noise projects. Their fanbase encompasses not merely industrial and metal fans but also the indie scene, of which last affiliation traces may be found in the ironically ethereal vocals that sometimes accompany the glacial grind of their instrumentation (as in, for example, the deceptively innocent-sounding *Baby's Tears*).

Readily acknowledging their debt to these two groups, but having already matched and more than matched them in the extremity stakes, Yorkshire's Pitch Shifter. Named after an electronic device that converts their vocals into what John Peel once described as a "bloodcurdling howl", the band began as an attempt to out-pollute the noise pollution of the industrial area in which its members lived. The attempt has succeeded, and being only one and a half albums into their career, Pitch Shifter haven't mellowed in the slightest [now two

and a half, and they have]. They are also innovative in the field of album and merchandise design, exploring bleak and inhuman themes that are, sometimes literally, a world away from the usual necropathological clichés of associated genres (as in the original, if odd, choice of a photo-map of the moon as decoration for the non-playing side of their *Submit* CD).

London's Headbutt are also perhaps classifiable as industrial metal, with the proviso that they are "metal" mostly in terms of what they take on stage and hit their instruments with. Employing in gigs what sometimes seems to be a audition queue's worth of bassists and scrap metal percussionists, the group have occasionally tackled the problem of precisely how to adapt industrial sounds to musical ends by ignoring it completely: at times they can sound exactly like a heavy goods factory, at others exactly like a multi-vehicle pile-up in thick fog.

And they are, in truth, far more in the industrial music tradition. Industrial music, as mentioned above, is a vast genre, and many of the "groups" filed under this heading are there simply because there's nowhere else for them to go. How old it is is again a difficult question, but it could be traced back as far as the early twentieth century Dadaist movement and *brutisme*, whose manifesto stated that *any* sound can be regarded as music. Archetypal industrial music has used the sound of heavy machinery and construction – pneumatic drills, steam-hammers, cement-mixers and so on – with the German group Can providing a sardonic twist on Teutonic literalism by making music from the sound of large oil drums being rolled down flights of stairs. An entire genre has sprung up around pure noise, with groups like The Grey Wolves, Mansonna, Thalweg and Con-Dom responsible for sounds that are occasionally indistinguishable from those produced by over-amplified, badly tuned radios. Such groups stretch not merely the definitions of music: their commitment to power and pain in sound has sometimes led to an over-enthusiastic interest in power and pain in reality, with accusations of fascist affiliation and worse levelled at them in the past.

Such accusations have also been levelled at the group whose name inevitably comes to mind when the terms "industrial music" and "extremity" are meditated upon. Whitehouse, "no. 1 in a field of ONE" (this field being extreme electronic music), have drawn on radio static, hovering wasps, frying human fat and fingernails-on-blackboards to provide the ear-rearing aural backdrop against which they have paraded an unrelenting interest in the contents of healthy female bodies and sick male minds. There has never been, and never will be, anything remotely melodious in Whitehouse, or anything remotely in good taste. Exhausting the artistic potential of the serial killer a good decade before the creation of the present-day industry in such rough gems as *The Street-Cleaner* and *Queen Myra*, the group have sometimes submerged their lyrics in a distorted electronic sludge, sometimes polished them to crystal clarity to demand or describe sexual gratification of a violent and often heterodox nature. The unashamedly Sadean philosophy



underlying their work – “pleasure for ourselves at the expense of others” – has proved inspirational not only during the group’s own live outings but also to one of the stars thrown up by Adam Parfrey’s *Apocalypse Culture*: violent-sexual-death-and-degradation aficionado Peter Sotos often found himself drawing on a Whitehouse “lyric line or song title” during composition of articles for his magazine *Pure* – “we seem to share quite a few tastes”.

Whether anything lies beyond Whitehouse in the extremity stakes is a moot point. An attempt to push back the boundaries set by the group are perhaps more liable to end in farce than otherwise, and if the group are indeed a one-off, as Stefan Jaworzyn, the ever-present William Bennett’s ’90s (now ex-) collaborator, would claim (see quotation above), then perhaps the only hope of matching or surpassing their impact lies not in an attempted exaggeration of their themes and style but in a reaction to it. If so, the future, or part of it at least, rests firmly with the intensely secretive lesbian separatist industrial genre presently stirring to life under the inspiration of such extreme feminist texts as Valerie Solanas’ *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* (S.C.U.M. being the Society for Cutting Up Men) and Jennifer Stenmuir’s *Withered Husks*. The best-known of the groups, France’s *Cunnicide*, set the trend for the movement by refusing to commit their “music” to vinyl and performing only in front of all-female audiences, which are regaled with the skull-crushing decibelage of such tracks as *Odi Et Odi* (*I hate and I hate*), the decidedly unironic adaptation of a famous Catullus tag, and *Dick Pulp*, the decidedly unsmiling reply to Whitehouse’s *Tit Pulp*. And so the wheel turns full circle: the static is harshened, feedback heightened: guitar strings and drum skins plucked and hammered still harder. All volume settings turned to 11: and ears of all shades of opinion and none bleed contentedly on into the twenty-first century.

Addresses

Anyone wishing to get hold of work by Blood and Honour’s bands will probably have to get in touch with the political organizations associated with them. They will therefore risk having their name noted by the left-wing moles undoubtedly working inside these organizations and/or having their name noted by the anti-subversion branch of M15. If this sounds like fun, try your local branch of the British National Party. Obituary’s *Slowly We Rot* and *Decide’s Decide* and follow-ups to both shouldn’t be too hard to obtain through the usual channels.

Pungent Stench’s *For God Your Soul, For Me Your Flesh* and Carcass’s *Reek of Putrefaction* and follow-ups can probably be obtained the same way, but if you want to deprive HMV of their whack and “support the underground” at the same time, why not try ordering direct from the record companies? Nuclear Blast Records, Dr. Frey-Str. 54, 7322 Donzdorf, Germany for Pungent Stench (and also hardcore from bands like Chronical Diarrhoea); and Earache, PO Box 144, Nottingham NG3 4GE, U.K., for Carcass.

Extreme Noise Terror have popped up on various labels over the years. As a taster of their style, try Vinyl Japan and *Phonophobia*.

Ministry have recently become very successful and should present no supply problems.

Godflesh’s lengthening list of material can be sought at the Earache address given above.

Ditto for Pitch Shifter’s *Submit*. Their first, *Industrial*, was made under the auspices of Peaceville Records at PO Box 17, Dewsbury, West Yorkshire WF12 8AA, U.K.

Skin Limit Show, possible future i.m. contenders, have demos available at Flat 11, 91 Forest Road West, Nottingham NG7 4ER, U.K.

Headbutt material can occasionally be found in high street record shops nowadays; if not, try the Aural Response catalogue at 4 Brackendale Grove, Harpenden, Herts., AL5 3EL, U.K.

The Lebensborn label (named after the S.S. eugenics programme) is worth investigating if you’re interested in noise electronics and dodgy imagery: SSAE to Lebensborn, c/o Trev Ward, 53 Blackfriars Way, Salisbury SP1 2HE, U.K.

Whitehouse are still going strong c/o Susan Lawly, 1 Upper Bow, Edinburgh, U.K. A glossy hundred-page group biography and comp cassette of Whitehouse cover versions may still be available from Impulse, 41 Quarrendon Rd., Amersham, Bucks HP7 9EF, U.K.

Cunnicide, alas, search for and smash all recording equipment brought to their gigs.

Notes

1. Just as not all, or even most, skinheads are right-wing, not all Oi! music is played by neo-Nazi bands. Edinburgh’s Oi Polloi have a song called *Nazi Scum* that gives the lie to anyone who thinks otherwise.

2. “Decide” is the crime for which Christians slaughtered Jews for centuries until it was belatedly discovered that Christianity wasn’t really about that sort of thing after all: the word literally means “god-killing” and generally refers to Jesus’s crucifixion.

3. *The Empty Quarter* 6, Whitehouse interview.

4. French radio interview with ’80s Whitehouse member and Dennis Nilsen groupie Philip Best.

FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

a day in the life of The Monochrome Set

David Kerekes

A van ride to Preston. That's over the hills and far away, circa 1985. No one is quite sure where the venue might be but we find it. More than that, we find it immediately meaning we've arrived early. There we sit in the dark, listening to horrible music over the PA, Preston's teen populace pouring in through the door. And then the band arrive. It may be dark but in they come, all of them, in a line, wearing sunglasses and carrying guitar cases. It's the quintessential band look; a kind of in-joke about being in a band.

The Monochrome Set.

On the stage they go for 'Andiamo', a Fender-twanging instrumental slice of paisley.

Everything from Sixties pop to vaudeville, bastard successors to The Bonzo Dog Band and pallbearers for punk, The Monochrome Set were unique. That is, their sound was greater than the sum of its parts. From 1980 until a split in 1985, they made some incredibly good albums – totally off-the-wall and mixed by a chimpanzee with a typewriter, but incredibly good nonetheless. (After the split, and a five-year respite, the band returned in 1990 with a new album, all horrible and poppy.) Their frontman, Bid, was an Indian and they had a guitarist

called Lester Square. They were funny without being comedic; idiosyncratic, cocksure, and everybody hated them. No less Al Read, a DJ working at BBC Radio Bristol in the mid-Eighties. . .

The music press reported the incident at the time, but, apparently, got it wrong. Having just completed an interview for *The Underground*, a Bristol-based fanzine, and due at the beeb for a live radio interview, the Monochrome Set asked Bill Higham and Dave Webb, the two *Underground* writers, along for directions.

Bill Higham, in his own words: It wasn't the band who suggested we do the interview; it was us. A jokey suggestion we began to regret as we shuffled shitless into the studio. Waiting for the interview to commence, we began to get more nervous, especially when we realised that the Monochrome Set were serious.

After the music finished, Al Read uttered the lines, "And here in the studio tonight, we have Andy Warren and Bid from The Monochrome Set." While Dave worked a paperclip apart, I simply waited for someone to phone in saying we weren't really The Monochrome Set.

"What about these two cuts for EMI? What came of them?"

What cuts for EMI? We had no idea what he was talking about! We bluffed our way through with Dave quoting the Sex Pistols' 'E.M.I.', and me complaining about that company's politics. We agreed we didn't really want to talk about it.

The problem was that Al had the answers to his own questions written out before him.

"So what's this story about the Tremeloes?"

What story? "Er... well, we haven't told Bid about it yet," I tried.

"No, I don't know that one. You tell us," said Dave. And Al, amazingly, proceeded to do just that.

Things continued as normally as could given the circumstances. Dave informed Al that, yes, he was Indian (*Indian?*); that he was born in Calcutta – near the Black Hole (Black Swan more like). And I pretended to be the lovable loony of the band. Al Read became more and more embarrassed, confused, and annoyed.

We began to get settled and enjoy ourselves, when, mid-sentence, the door to the studio burst open and in jumped the real band members. "These men are imposters! They're really from a fanzine! We're the real Monochrome Set!"

"Who are you?" a bemused Al enquired of the new arrivals.

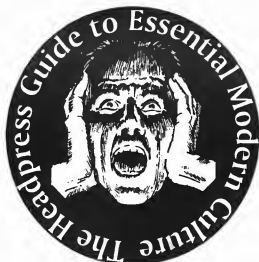
"I'm Foz."

"I'm Andy Warren."

That's it, I thought. The game's up. I grinned and admitted it was true.

"No, who are you *really*?" insisted Al.

Despite reports to the contrary, our local DJ didn't cotton on that we were imposters and that Foz and Andy were telling the truth. He simply would not believe their admission and told the listeners, "Some more members of the group have just come in." With that, he thanked us all and played us out with *The Jet Set Junta*.



A sizable quota of material under the codpiece this time around. For further details on less widely distributed fare, contact addresses may be found at the foot of the Culture Guide. Simply trace those items highlighted in CAPITALS and tell them we sent you. When sending material to us for review purposes, please ensure that ordering details are printed clearly, preferably on an insert or something. This should include: an address; price; p&p, if extra (both inland and overseas); whom to make monies payable to. You get the picture.

It Wasn't a Shark and It Wasn't a Barracuda, Dept

Issue #6 of *MENTALLY PENETRATED* by an ACID ENEMA has a round-up of blaxploitation movies, a piece on *Re-Animator* comicbooks, a tribute to Fred Gwynne, and asks the question 'Were the *Omen* movies cursed?' Wow. The two things that the cottage press industry ought to have over the mainstream press are timing and a cutting edge. Whatever's lacking in production values, should be negated by tasty morsels the glossy mainstream won't dare touch... or, if they do, it's because they read about it in the small press first. The only things of worth in this *'Acid Enema*, are reviews of *Versaute Pissende Strullis* (coprophage pornography), *Uncensored News* (awful 'mondo' video compilation), and *Django Against Sartana*.

ByPASS is a UK-based listings zine; lots of underground

press publications, from *Abolish All Prisons!* to *You're So Hideous* by way of *Dancing Through The Dustbins* and *A William Burroughs Birthday Book*. That's right, lots of stuff you won't never have heard of. Pretty amazing really, this is chock full of the things. Pleasingly put together, issue #2 is now out (a marked improvement on #1, which we never saw). Our only criticism is that *ByPass* tread lightly in their reviews, fearing to step on anyone's toes. Other than that, send them £1 (cheap).

The cover note from editor Bob Pape which accompanied the first issue of his *METROPOLIS*, commenced: 'Let me introduce myself... 'Which is pretty weird in this day and age, moreso when Pape goes on to admit to having previously 'edited *South Wales'* only horror zine'. Patchy to the point of irritation, *Metropolis* incorporates several lists and articles undoubtedly lifted verbatim from some other source (Edgar Allen Poe writes for *Metropolis*?). Of the original pieces, the career summary of Margaret Nolan isn't worth the trouble ('Britain's answer to Betty Page?' - stop the press!), and the '12 amazing coincidences' between Jesus & Elvis would make even *Viz* readers tired.

'I'm going to smash my way to paradise.' The long-awaited, much-delayed release of *SAVOY's* new comic series *Reverbstorm* is finally upon us. Scheduled to run for eight issues, *Reverbstorm* picks up where *Hard Core Horror* left off... that is, tearing the medium of so-called 'Adult comics' from its very roots and threatening to start it over again. This is an unflinching, unsettling glimpse at a Utopia gone wrong; where reality and unreality fall upon themselves. The series jumps in without a chute and is set to freefall all the way with James Joyce and Lord Horror side by side, doing battle



Reverbstorm ART: Coulthart

on the streets, as the soul of Jessie Matthews and the Virgin Mary sit, far from idle, on a not-too-distant shore. The debut number comes complete with its own extended CD single - the Paul Temple penned 'Reverbstorm', a glorious explosion of soulboy mentality mixed with a heaped helping of mind-expansion. The song that was played at the funeral of Savoy press officer, Martin Flitcroft, dead after standing in front of a train. Following some highly redoubtable photo imagery, John Coulthart's artwork in the second issue of *Reverbstorm* has Lord Horror 'signing autographs' for teen groupies, his bulbous dick coming blood, thick and fast. This is already the most bizarre and damning comicbook ever to be published



in Blighty (already sporting Savoy's finest covers). Also, look out for *Savoy Wars*, a ten-track CD compilation including P.J. Proby's deconstruction of such pop standards as 'Blue Monday', 'Sign O The

Times', 'I'm On Fire' and the P.M.'s own favourite, 'The Old Fenian Gun'. Comes complete with a 24-page insert tracing Savoy music.

Take a look at *MIDNIGHT IN HELL*. Particularly the covers. Lasercopies front and back (of a really bad colour drawing) – how much must that cost? Worse still, lasercopies *inside* as well – of b&w line art! Perhaps the money wasted on such luxuries could be spent on the layout. Better still, drop some of the ugly artwork altogether; the only illustration of any merit here is Jaeson Finn's 'Passageway of the Penitents'. *Midnight in Hell* issue #10 is a combination of film and fiction (and bad art), which might sound acceptable when sitting round a table at your local, but in cold print gets you the vampire movies of Jesus Franco and poems. As if that wasn't enough, editor G.N. Houston sent us a second copy of his #10 and chided us for not forwarding him *Headpress* in return. Whoops.

Issue #17 of *PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO* carries the usual wealth of kooky movie reviews and plenty of interviews. The latest has conversation with James Best (*The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, *The Killer Shrews*), Stuart Lancaster (*Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, *Supervixens*), and from *Headpress*-regular, Anthony Petkovich, the first of a two-part interview with Robert Clarke, star/director of *The Hideous Sun Demon* (amongst other things). Our favourite this issue is the Radley Metzger

piece. Too short though.

More film interviews come by way of *KINOKAZE: REPORT FROM THE UNDERGROUND*, a digest-size review from the folk behind 'The Exploding Cinema' (see article elsewhere this issue). This debut number has Kurt Kren talking about his 'Eating, Pissing, Shitting, Film'; Richard Stanley talking shit (while eating probably); and Mad Dog McKenna, serving 150 years for white slavery, talking about kiddy snuff. The latter (lifted word-for-word from *Fatal Visions* magazine) is an enormously powerful piece – if not a trifle suspect because of who penned it: the author of *Killer Fiction*, G.J. Schaefer himself.

There's another Schaefer 'interview' in the latest *FATAL VISIONS*, this time with one 'Betsy Blood', supposed hooker and seller of soiled underwear who coincidentally has seen all the snuff movies mentioned previously by 'Mad Dog McKenna'. *FV* #16 also carries the lowdown on Ren & Stimpy, an interview with Lance Henrikson, and the usual video, books and magazine reviews.

It's something that we watch only on occasion (when we're in; when we can remember), yet still find this appreciation zinc immensely enjoyable. That's *CHILDREN OF A FAR GREATER GOD*, an appreciation of TV's quirky sit-com *Married With Children*. Issue #4 has been a long time coming, but here it is and a pleasure it is, too. Lots of retentive titbits, including more comic book spin-offs, reviews, in the audience of a *Married With Children* episode shoot, books... Hey, a review of Joseph Bauer's book, *Hollywood Raw*, has it that Bauer, the author – studio teacher and welfare worker on the show itself – had sex with Rosanna Arquette because she thought he was a *producer*. That can't be right, can it? Say it ain't so, Rosanna.

Sharida Rizzuto is the brain behind *REALM OF THE VAMPIRE*, a kind of fan base for those interested in any aspect of vampire-lore. The sheer number of publications ROTV put out is quite staggering. Sharida sent us three paperback-sized volumes (amongst other bits and pieces), as well as promising to send more. Those we have received to date include: *The Vampire Journal*, a kind of 136-page newsletter, containing the expected poetry ('Through ebony air our wings/Chased silver in the moonlight'), fiction, book reviews, letters, and newsclippings; the self-titled *Realm of the Vampire*, as far as can be determined, is a chopped-down version of the latter; and, most curious of all, *The Vampire Directory* contains nothing but advertisements – must be close on 100 pages of ads for everything from 'Traditional Vampire Coffins' to Goth Rock music. Funnily enough, it's a fascinating read! All-in-all, there's enough news here to keep the most jaded happy. Our major gripe is the sheer quantity of fiction; ROTV publish enough titles to enable books to cater for fiction and non-fiction independently, so why not do so? It'd make for a safer world, that's for sure.

'For Dykes of All Sexual Persuasions', issue #5 of *QUEM* is close-on 100-pages and fashionably laid. Fiction by Jane Solanas and Pat Califia; cunt quotes ('Vegetarians





are sweeter"); many original photo shoots, including a lesbian coupling atop the Scala cinema the day before it was closed down; sex workers speaking out; lots of hobnail boots; fat women; some book and video reviews. Not a top shelf tit mag, a genuine co-operative (but sexy with it). Bitches and butches – *Quim* is for, by, and about dykes.

Contained in MFTEQ 9, or THE EMPTY QUARTER, the 'Bible of Industrial' magazine, are interviews with The Revolving Cocks, Black Metal Jesus, Sect and an incredible array of platter reviews (50 pages-or-so). Tightly packaged – this gets our best-dressed publication award for this issue. Hoorah! MFTEQ have also recently launched (well, six-months since) the first of their audio output. *Ghafran*, a 16-track compilation CD, comes complete with a 124-page book (read interviews with the bands as you listen to the music they play). Attrition, Blackhouse, Lycia, and Eyeless in Gaza, go to make up some of the interviews and unreleased tracks contained herein.

BACK BRAIN RECLUSE return with another quite immaculate package. Issue #22 has (speculative) fiction by Jeff VanderMeer, Lizbeth Rymland, and Brooks Peck, amongst others, as well as the Directory section – a reviews listing of independent publications. As per usual, however, the most important slivers come via Uncle River and his 'Mogollón News' pages, keeping the world abreast of events in... well, Mogollón. This time round

it's election day fever. And strange goings-on in the graveyard.

Peter Sotos is a name synonymous with vitriolic print. His now defunct *Pure* as good as crossed that boundary into quasi-kiddie porn, nazism and adulation of such deviants as Ian Brady and other child killers. No doubt due to numerous police raids *Pure* shrivelled and died. But Sotos endeavoured and has reestablished himself in the small press world with *PARASITE*: two sheets of A3, folded, unstapled, no illustrations. *Parasite* is well written, each issue's type-written text broken only by a single-word subheading: Girls; Rape; Dodd; Cheap; Fags. Feminist books, porno movies, true crime, child abuse are the subjects under review. And perhaps the lack of illustrative material will ensure this zine avoids any kind of seizure, any police raids, death threats, that kind of thing.

Using the most basic publishing techniques: cut & paste; photocopy; staple; post, RANDALL PHILLIP has produced a hot rock that no one will want mailed to their address. Occasionally looking like a kindergarten scrap book, or a paedophile rag, or a direct incitement to



murder, *Fuck* is one of those things that was destined to surface and is no doubt doomed to die like *Pure*. Don't expect to see it on any newsagents shelf. Issue 6 has a medical photo of a baby's labia overlaid with a large erect penis on the cover no less. By means of an editorial of sorts Phillip writes:

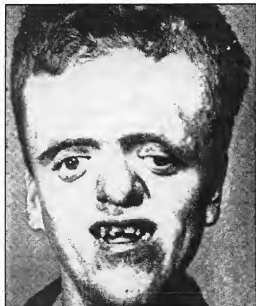
The disgusting Child Pornography displayed in the pages of *FUCK* magazine has been supplied by the *American Journal of Medical Genetics*, *Wash A-Bye Baby Wipes*, and the *Center of Child Abuse*. Therefore I refuse to accept any responsibility for such vile filth; except for single-handedly exposing its degenerate manufacturers.

Sure.

Of course the subsequent pages contain no child pornography, just subliminal suggestions in the manner of *Pure*. The use of innocent advertisements coupled with provocative sexual comments.

Whether they be faces disintegrated from disease or gunshot, severed hands, severed feet, dead babies or truly shocking deformities, medical photographs provide *Fuck* with much of its hard-hitting pictorials. Issue 2 for instance, contains two full-page photos of one of the most hideous freaks ever: some grinning chinless wonder with the mouth of a dog-fish and eyes like pool balls, slicked back hair and fancy shirt.

In #6 Phillip establishes what he calls The Christ-Killers' Death Legion, he wants his readers to kill on his behalf. The top three targets are Christians, police; politicians – "Be proud that you kill. Kill in the name of Randall Phillip," he insists. Same issue also includes a chart for dismemberment of the human body, mangled



Mike Hill

corpses, deformed infants, facial surgery, reasons why men don't have cunts, nazi idealism, letters and rants.

EXPRESSIONS OF DREAD is a perfect bound glossy pro-zine filling its 100+ page count with interviews, fiction, art,



This couple was killed at the same time by a mentally deranged son. The body of the mother was found in the cool basement, while the body of the father was found in a warm upstairs room. Outside temperature was 90° F; postmortem interval about forty-eight hours.

Expressions of Dread

and articles. The third and current issue (comes out once per year) has interviews with J.K. Potter and John Wayne Gacy proclaiming his innocence and explaining how all those kids got under his floorboards (which obviously no one believed), articles on embalming –

Evacuation of the contents of the respiratory and gastrointestinal contents may occur through the mouth, nose and anus as a result of visceral gas pressure. This evacuation is known as purging (and the evacuated material as purge). The most typical purge seen during embalming practice is a bloody, frothy liquid evacuated through the mouth and nose.

the process of decomposition, necrophilia, torture and the art of the criminally insane. Keep a look out for this one.

Invoked Or Not, Evil Will Come, Dept

From the publishers of *ETC* and *ATC* magazines comes Thomas Weisser's *ASIAN TRASH CINEMA: THE BOOK*. This 187-page volume offers capsule reviews of – nicely anticipated – Far Eastern filmic fair, as well as filmographies and colour photographs of its major exponents. While the popularity of Asian cinema seemingly doubles every night, many western converts remain in the dark to all but the most popular releases. Some publications hint of the scope of it all, but Weisser's volume is the first serious attempt at pulling the phenomenon into perspective. It doesn't claim to be complete (what reference work is – outside of *Aurum*?), but such as it is, stands as a unique and indispensable guide for all contemporary film aficionado.

Just as news of Michael Carreras having pickled the big one was reaching us, so too came a revamp of Lorrimer's *House of Horror: The Complete Hammer Films Story*. From the essential but pasty-faced original, this new edition (£12.95/\$23.00, courtesy of Lorrimer and Creation Books) provides a great improvement in

presentation and quality, with the largely fresh selection of illustrations being top-notch. As for the text, however, there has been nothing really more to add since the 1984 edition – *To The Devil a Daughter* is still the last picture to emerge from the Hammer studios, and their recent resurrection has yet to bear any fruit. Annoyingly, most all references to Hammer's early non-genre product have been dropped ('Part of the Complete Hammer Films Story'?). On the other hand, no loss is the leading ladies' glamour photo section. The latter has been replaced by 'Notes on post-Hammer vampire cinema' – a learned exploration of bloodsucking cinema maybe, but being close on a quarter of the overall page count not one befitting a book on Hammer cinema. (This section is in fact a reworking of another Lorrimer title: Barrie Pattison's *The Seal of Dracula*.)

A remarkable degree of self-control shall be exercised as we fail to 'service' the next item with any obvious comical asides about 'meeting four sisters on Thumb street' or the like. *Solo Sex: Advanced Techniques*, by one (pseudonymous) Dr. Harold Litten, is a guide for the single man; a spiral-bound 'hand'-book on how to get the best from your pummelling – or, indeed, whether you ought to pummel at all. Chapters include 'Creative Touching', 'Ultimate Fantasies', and 'Symbolic Exhibitionism'. How to position yourself, what to think about, what to do. The most interesting aspects of this book, however, are the anecdotes. Here's one case report of a guy in his mid-20s who tried to auto-fellate:

'I waited too long. The discs in your spine fuse after a certain age, and that's what happened to me. I stretched out on the bed, flipped my feet over my head and walked down the wall, forcing my pelvis closer to my face. But it hurt too much. The idea was sexy as hell, seeing my dick and balls



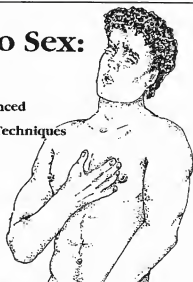
Tucker

View too soon learn that!

Solo Sex:

Advanced

Techniques



by Dr. Harold Litten

just an inch or two above me, and I did actually shoot in my own mouth and on my face (burns like hell when it gets in your eyes). But in all the excitement I ignored the pain in my back, and when I was done I thought I was gonna be crippled for life. I'm not kidding you, it took four months for my spine to get back to normal. I thought I'd slipped a disc. You've gotta start practising sucking yourself off when you're 12 or 14 years old, so you can stay flexible. But kids don't think that far ahead when they're that young.'

Dodgy stories like this are littered throughout *Solo Sex*. Despite the fact that the good doctor stresses the inherent danger, it's to a seemingly constant, underlying relish. A gleeful rubbing of the loins. When Litten says he does not advocate that anyone attempt to auto-fellate ('Don't get caught in the devil's own trap: "Just an inch more and you can put your tongue on it. Go ahead, strain. Ignore the pain. You're so close." Warning?!), an illustration on the following page depicts a guy bent double licking his own dick. And that's the fun thing about this book: not the quest for the ultimate orgasm (it's 'psychic' anyway, tuh...) but the kind of absurd manner in which everything is pulled together, and the tips which you shouldn't follow. The chapter on 'toys' relates how electrical impulse can produce an orgasm, but that it also hurts like hell; how penis vacuum pumps and enlargers may swell the cock to sizes 'beyond our largest dreams' but that they can also burst it like a balloon.

FACTOR PRESS, the publishing house behind *Solo Sex*, are also responsible for *The Virility Factor: Masculinity Through Testosterone*, the *Male Sex Hormone*, and *Indecent Exposure* – two books by Robert Bahr. The former is a clinical and investigative study, important 'to every male who is curious or concerned about the quality of manhood'; the latter is a collection of short stories.

Factor Press also handle *Celebrate The Self*, a newsletter for the 'solo sex' enthusiast (the latest issue carries the results of a recent readers' poll: 'I'm a definite puller when stroking. I usually jack using a full fist and always squeeze my hand on the upstroke.'). Factor carry the intriguing-sounding *Homosexuality and Male Bonding in Pre-Nazi Germany*, and *Love Potions*, a book on aphrodisiacs.

GOOD TASTE GONE BAD is a softback book brimming with the art of Mitch O'Connell.

The pen and ink works relate to fifties and sixties consumerism, each plate overflowing with familiar icons of nostalgia. Brillo pads, X-ray specs, Matt Mason, tins of spam, tattoo designs and sad-eyed puppies and kittens



all give the feel of a journey of drug induced regression. There's a great comicstrip adaptation of an apocryphal tale about spiders and *Jimmy's Wet Dream* has its fair share of coitus references like a banana swooping to penetrate a creamy doughnut, a champagne bottle popping its cork, toast ejecting from a toaster slot and a pencil entering a whirling pencil sharpener. The beautiful, full-colour, high-gloss cover (so glossy you could stand a cup of coffee on it without even leaving a ring, or sit on it and slide around the carpet) with neat little fold-around flaps give this book a nice feel as well as a fab look. More fun than a Tupperware party. Only \$12.95 + \$2.05 postage (maybe more if ordering outside USA).

Nemesis' latest (and last?) publication is *Monsters of Weimar* [£7.95], a dual chronicle of Germanic deviants Peter Kurten and Fritz Haarman. Comprising of the 1925 *Haarman The Story of a Werewolf* by Theodor Lessing, *The Sadist* (1932) Karl Berg and *Peter Kurten A Study in Sadism* (1937) Charles Godwin, and an

introduction by Colin Wilson, *Weimar* is a rare treat for any true crime connoisseur. Both deviants are familiar to most but this volume is the definitive account of the historic crimes.

FIRST PROTOCOL have released what is supposed to be the first in a series of true crime audio tapes. *A Love Made in Hell* [£8.00] has Ken Bianchi bleating on one side and Veronica Compton telling her story on the other. Headpress contributor Douglas Clark, who communicated with Compton and had a cell within earshot of Bianchi's regular phonecalls describes Compton's blathering as "pure bullshit" and "...the facts [Bianchi] whines about on tape are in no way meaningful to the determination of who the perpetrator was." Way overpriced for what it is but interesting even if inaccurate.

It's Happening Just Like In The Movie



American Yakuza

American Yakuza (Medusa) tells the story of Nick Davis, a brash young fellow who one day saves the life of a Japanese bigwig, winning his trust, and becoming the first outsider to be accepted into the Yakuza – the Japanese criminal underworld. But Nick is really working undercover for the FBI. Director Frank Cappello borrows heavily – and at times effectively – from the Hong Kong school of action film technique (but at Western half-speed) with guns going off all over the shop, often two at once, one in each hand, fingers on other peoples' triggers, etc. This is all pretty enjoyable in a grown-up *Karate Kid* kind of way as the Mafia struggle to keep the Yakuza out, the FBI stand back and wait, and Nick adopts Jap loyalties and values. Technical guidance has been provided by real-life Yakuza gangsters... it says here.

Tartan Video have come up with some Eastern gems namely *Kwaidan* and that other Japanese classic *Onibaba* (expect more, including *Kuroneko*, in this series in the future). Direct to sell through, and thus released in widescreen, *Kwaidan* is a genuinely beautiful collection of ghost stories. Unlike any other compilation film, all the shorts in *Kwaidan* are quite superb. A man neglects his faithful wife and when he finally returns home after years of absence he finds everything the same as when he left. He sleeps with his wife but wakes to find it was all an illusion and he has bedded skeletal remains. Two men get lost in a blizzard and encounter an evil snow



Kwaidan

ghost. A blind musician plays for the dead and has a holy text printed over his entire body to ward off the demons. A spirit haunts and taunts a man from a cup of tea. Utilising some of the best backdrops (check out the astonishing Lovecraftian skies in *Snow Woman*) used in any film and directed by Masaki Kobayashi in 1965 it remains one of the all time classic movies. *Onibaba*, also in widescreen, is the chilling tale of a war-widow and her mother-in-law who lure deserting or injured Samurai to their deaths intent on stealing and trading their armour. A man returns from the wars and informs the young woman of her husband's death in battle. The two eventually succumb to temptation and meet for late night sex. The mother-in-law isn't too happy about this, fearing her companion will leave her to fend for herself, and shack up with the man. The theft of a warriors demon mask supplies her with a means of quashing the developing relationship. Brilliantly filmed in black-and-white, with an exceptionally high quality transfer to video, the eerily atmospheric locations such as the



Onibaba

constantly shifting bamboo fields and the skeleton filled death pit make this film a joy to watch. The scene with the demon mask and its nasty removal from the old lady's face still retains its original shock value.

Also from Tartan comes John Woo's eye-searing epic *Hard Boiled*. Far superior to his big buck Hollywood debut *Hard Target*, *Hard Boiled* contains more gunfire and violence than a weekend in Moss Side and a higher body-count than that clocked up by the US airforce on the road to Bazra. Weak on plot, but so what, the action sequences are so fast and furious that your jaw will slither off your face and into your lap. Check out one particular sequence in the hospital. The two cops (Hong Kong hot-head Chow Yun-Fat and heart-throb Tony Leung) strafe down the corridors shooting everything that moves, through windows, through doors, in front, behind, even killing a fellow officer in the confusion. They back into an elevator to reload and bleed a while, then exit out on another floor and confront more endless mayhem. The camera is in constant pursuit and the whole sequence is accomplished in an unbroken, continuous take. The choreography and bullet-hit detonations must have taken some hair-tearing working



Hard Boiled

out, and sympathy must go to whoever had the laborious task of making sure there was no live ammunition making its way into the weapons. Some who have seen the subtitled version may notice minor alterations in the dubbed dialogue such as the undercover cops name changing from Tony to Alan, probably switched to achieve better lip sync. Although it would be nicer to see a full ratio version (maybe we will on sell-thru), but this cropped, dubbed release will suffice for now. Hopefully *Hard Boiled* will be successful enough to encourage the release of other Hong Kong actioners, a market that is overflowing with gems and desperate to be plundered.

And plundered it has been courtesy of 'Made in Hong Kong', a new video outlet specialising in Eastern action movies. Kicking off the Made in Hong Kong catalogue is *The Killer*. For those not familiar with John Woo's classic: a real treat awaits you; for those who are: it gets better on repeated viewing. The story of a hit man, the girl he accidentally blinds in a shoot-out, and the cop on his tail, *The Killer* is deservedly cited as a masterpiece. Fails to let-up, but hammers out some truly stunning choreographed mayhem and brain-popping shoot-outs.



The Killer

As necessary as they get. Corey Yuen's *Saviour of the Soul* is the tale of yet another hit-man, but where *The Killer* is markedly cruel, not a little down-beat and relies on automatic weapons, this is heavily fantasy-orientated with some truly frantic hand-to-hand (foot-to-mouth; elbow-to-larynx; knee-to-kidney...) combat situations. Indeed, the film doesn't actually start, it *appears* (tailing a flying man fight-sequence to boot). Alas, the whole thing gets bogged-down half-way through with 'talk' and plot. But, yay!, another fight saves the day. A change of pace comes with Wong Ching's *God of Gamblers*. Not so much an action film (though action does rear itself to keep the 120-minute running time afloat), more akin to *The Hustler* and *Rain Man* as Chow Yun-Fat – not a hit-man, but God of Gamblers, a man who can't be beaten – takes on a crooked card-sharp. However, hit-men are out to nail him, and somewhere in between he bangs his head and loses his memory. The amnesia angle introduces a comedic sub-plot in which Yun-Fat is deemed "insane" and bumbles his way through card



God of Gamblers

games for chocolate rewards. The lighter moments run abrasive against the 'serious' side (though they do show that Yun-Fat is quite capable of parts other than ultra-lean and mean sharpshooters), not at all helped by the silly song that bumps into action at every corner, the song that always starts out as 'Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head'. As with other Made in Hong Kong releases, *God of Gamblers* has English subtitles. But,



The Barefoot Kid

unfortunately, they suffer from varying degrees of roteness here. *The Barefoot Kid* is a period action-drama typical of the Kung Fu stuff that was prevalent in the 70s. However, unlike its early predecessors, *Barefoot* is a great treat indeed. The acting is fine on all fronts, the storyline typically sentimental: boy goes to work for good uncle in a dye factory, rival manufacturers want to put them out of business and hostilities ensue. The fight sequences are quite exhilarating and one brilliant moment involves the betrayal and poisoning of the good uncle and his attempts to get home coughing blood and fighting off an endless army of swordsmen and archers. When he demonstrates the technique for using the three-blade-whip to a rousing score reminiscent of a Sergio Leone western it'll have you coming out in gooseflesh. All titles £12.99 and thoroughly recommended.

From Columbia TriStar comes *Ticks*, an ecological horror yarn about wood ticks on steroids. It's been many years since we've seen a decent insect-attack film, the last one being Jeff Lieberman's creepy *Squirm* (okay, so they weren't exactly *insects* in that film but you know what we're on about) and before that was *Phase V* and *Them*. Come to think of it, they're the only three we can think of at all. Others, like *Bug*, *The Nest* and *Arachnophobia* were just too stupid to contend. Anyhow, now we have *Ticks*, and it's still many years since we've seen a decent insect-attack film. Chemical spillage (yawn!) is responsible for the rapid growth of wood ticks in an area of forest. A group of goofy teenagers happen to be on a survival course within scuttling distance of the now grossly enlarged insects. Throw in a few moronic adults, some backwoods geeks, a packet of condoms, a dead sheriff, a miniature forest and toy shack to set alight, a handful of creepy-crawly rubber things from cereal packets, stir and simmer for a few weeks, and hey presto, another pointless, unentertaining Hollywood formula movie. Feebly attempting political correctness, the delinquent kids are a bunch of multi-racial losers. Black, white, yellow, and er... whatever colour Puerto Ricans are; ochre, or something. The street-wise black kid turns into a giant tick egg and hatches, the Puerto Rican hustler gets mauled by the super-giant tick, and the white dude saves the day because his pa showed him how to deal with such critters: set 'em alight and they

explode like grenades; in slow-motion too. Sadly, *Ticks* is more like *cliches* on steroids, but it's better than *Arachnophobia* and scarier than a Daz advert. See our competition so you can win a copy.



Films From The Deathtrip Volume One

The films of Richard Kern need no introduction. He and Nick Zedd pretty much had the New York Underground sewn-up in the 1980s (in terms of universal notoriety at least). But Kern appears to have overshadowed his one-time collaborator in making Underground movies that can actually be watched in a single sitting. (Perhaps the reason being they're generally much shorter?) Most everyone at some juncture or another will have seen a Richard Kern film, whether it be *Fingered* because Lydia Lunch is in it, or *The Right Side of My Brain* because Lydia Lunch is in it. But now, courtesy of this two volume set, you too can own the (almost) complete works. 'Films from the Deathtrip' (ESSA DISTRIBUTION) traces Kern's career chronologically, from *The Manhattan Love Suicides* (1985) through to *Nazi 2* (1991), by way of *King of Sex*, *The Evil Cameraman*, *Submit To Me Now...* This is a dark, dark force at work: sexually explicit, vicious, stark and cutting.

Maybe His Head Just Got Loose and Fell Off

"I hate you motherfuckers." So states G.G. Allin at the opening of *Hated* (PERFORMANCE/AWARENESS RECORDS), the original soundtrack to Todd Phillips' documentary film of the same name. The music and wisdom of G.G. Allin & The Murder Junkies. Interviews with the band, fans, and Mr Fisher, G.G.'s High School teacher, go to supplement the occasional thrash chord and Warren Zevon cover. Real incisive opinion it is, too. As one fan explains: "This guy's cool, this is punk!" G.G. himself, when not hating everybody too much to tell them how much he hates them, is surmising: "My mind's a machine gun, my body's the bullets and the audience is the target."

Everybody hates a whining liberal, right? Well non come more whining than this (and now this one's dead). Is that your GIRLFRIEND singing backing on some of the tracks, G.G.? Grrr.

Arcwelder used to be called 'Tilt-a-Whirl'. That must be Tilt-a-Whirl as in the Texas band Leo & The Prophets 'We're on a distant world... Ow!' dodgy acid-sex track (*Pebbles Vol. 10*). Or not. On release of their debut album, Tilt-a-Whirl were forced to change their name because Sellner Manufacturing Corporation, bigwigs behind the "popular fairground attraction", threatened to sue if they didn't. Now Arcwelder, the Minneapolis three-piece release *Xerxes* (Touch and Go), their fourth album to date taking up where Dinosaur Jr. should never have left off. That is, chunky fuzzwax guitars, tight melodies and sublime vocals. Of particular merit here is 'Freebird', a raging fuel-injected instrumental, and 'Smile', cunning backward masking that fooled us not a jot. Say you love Santa.

The *Fourth and Final* (Touch and Go) album from one-man band Flour, suffers from the symptoms associated with one-man band ventures. That is, it all sounds so pre-meditated. With the possible exception being 'Sled', an instrumental number, everything here gets swamped in aggravated melodies, swollen to the point of being clever (and what's more, can't shake the horrible one-man memory of R. Stevie Moore doing 'His Latest Flame'... or R. Stevie Moore doing *anything* for that matter).

De-tuned guitars. Irregular string-bending. Chopped vocals. It can only mean one thing... or can it? What starts as an obvious Sonic Youth sound post-Sister, by the close of the first side has become an odd wrap all of its own. A band hailing from North Carolina, Polvo's mini-album *Celebrate The New Dark Age* (Touch and Go) is at once infuriating and dynamic. Dynamic because Polvo are occasionally quite excellent (as in the alluring 'Fractured' and 'Tragic Carpet Ride'), while at other times - with their grotty choruses - they stink bad.



Killdeer

Killdeer need little introduction. Some say that they are losing their edge of late (well, one guy said; works in a shop), but we've always found them to be great for a couple of tracks and then kind of lose interest. *Uncompromising War On Art Under The Dictatorship Of The Proletariat* (Touch and Go) is no different. Here

'Final Market' and 'Knuckles The Dog (Who Helps People)' are the standout numbers. More than that, they are Killdozer's finest hour. In that order.

'Cybermind-Electro' – that's the 'direction' New Mind are taking their music. We're taking our bowels to the toilet. *Fractured* (Machinery Records), New Mind's CD-only album, rises into marginally short of interesting only with the opening track, 'Life In Hell'. It's always a pleasure to hear the good Dr Frances B. Gröss, sampled or not.



Mute

Mule's mini-album *Wrung* (Quarterstick) has the bump and grind of a farmgirl's big break over at Sid's Place, gesticulating in her exotic apparel on stage. Mule go to make up the beer-swiggers whose eyes are rivetted on those... *breasts*. Some heavy, with heavier-looking pals in tow, spills his way over to our drunken friends' table. 'Uh what? Don't I have a girlfriend? No – Yes,' P.W. responds to fat boy's question. Later, he falls in love with Miss dancer up there, crying in his Millers. 'Did I say something wrong? I could never hate you!' Great. Funny, sad, and serious, too.

Mekons have been going for about 80-years. *Retreat from Memphis* (Quarterstick) is another one of their albums.

We try hard not to dig men who pout here at *Headpress*. But seeing as Miranda Sex Garden are mostly girls anyway, and have just released perhaps the finest sliver of aural chromatin this side of Mellow Candle, we'll let it go. Far from being the dreary box of facepaint we half-expected, *Fairytales of Slavery* (Mute) plucks its melodies from a semen-stained stone heart: tales of sin, sex and sleaze to a backdrop of pain, it's hard to recall when an album left us feeling quite so spent. Put it this way, if the bosom of Chesty Morgan was to clang



Miranda Sex Garden

shut about our head, this is what we'd like to hear as a result. Fragile and soaring, waif-like with added strings, Katherine Blake's vocals take sensuality by its balls and this new six-piece line-up to somewhere between your sister's soiled underwear and a Curved Air for the Nineties. Heaven.

The original soundtrack to Jörg Buttgerit's movie, *SCHRAMM*, is now available on CD. And what a magnificent piece of work it is too. A monster, no mistake, it takes as its inspiration the throb of hornets stuck in a jar in the sun too long, shaken a couple of times, and put back again. Arranged and composed by Max Müller and Gundula Schmitz, with a special bonus recording by German band Mutter, *Schramm* is an exercise in psychosis: a beautifully realised tapestry utilizing resonance, multi-tracked vocals, effect loops, and strings. A perfect compliment to a masterly film, this evokes innocence and destruction in the same breath. There can be only one reason for not grabbing this CD immediately and that is if you have no CD player on which to play it. Also available from Jelinski and Buttgerit GBR is the video release of the movie *Schramm*; the third in the compilation of independent films, *Sex Gewalt & Gute Laune* (the less successful of the series to date; far too talky); G.G. Allin's *Hated*, both the soundtrack and the movie (sounds of toilet flushing); as well as the promise of many more releases later in the year. Going back to G.G. Allin for a moment... Hello? Hello?

A CD box set, the re-issue of three albums by The Hafler Trio, comes courtesy of The Grey Area of Mute Records. This consists of *Bang – An Open Letter*, *Walk Gently Through The Gates Of Joy*, and *Seven Hours Sleep*, material and albums originally released in 1984 and '85, with new stuff thrown in for good measure. Those familiar with the Haflers will no doubt be prepared; others will be shocked and quite possibly upset by this 'non-commercial' work. No less because some of it goes nowhere (oscillating as it does), while other episodes consist of audio montages. The latter proves the more successful because it does command a certain participation from the listener (ie. you listen). Remember when the Classic FM test transmission signal was being broadcast, intermittently, for several weeks prior to that station taking to the air? The sounds of outdoors, condensed

and unreal? Great wasn't it. *Bang* is like that. *Walk Gently...*, on the other hand, bores you shitless, while *Seven Hours Sleep* falls somewhere between the two.

Violent electronic noise, that's Merzbow Kapotte Muziek's *Continuum* (CHEESES INTERNATIONAL). Comprising of a 1989 live recording by Japan's Merzbow – typically, a recording which was passed between Merzbow and Netherland-based Kapotte Muziek, 'manipulated' before being passed back again – *Continuum* is an outrageous piece of audio buffoonery. Frequencies set to stun, remaining at a constant high throughout, exposure to the full two sides of this will cause irreparable damage in the area of the sphincter. A collector's piece without doubt, but who would want to play it?

More electronic pull-ups is the order of *THE RESULT OF RANDOM CHANCE* (12" vinyl album; came wrapped in bandages). Mark F. has compiled five tracks of varying degrees of 'free' sound; a case of 'turn the recorder on and see what happens'. Surprisingly enough, it doesn't result in an album of absolute silence (as would be the case if this experiment was conducted at the Rose & Crown down the road), but various items being knocked and bumped through a reverb unit. That's side one. Side two is more electronically inclined, with a single laugh played on a loop. Eerie.

That perennial favourite from Charles H. Manson has turned up as a one-sided, limited, numbered edition 12" slice of vinyl. Recorded live in Vacaville slammer circa 1979 (?), this improvised and impoverished ballad is accompanied by distant voices and cell doors banging. Charles might be violating curfew here because he gets awful quite toward the end, as if he's sitting on top of his tin pan cassette recorder. Like all of the man's music, this cut contravenes what many Manson-revisionists (and Manson himself) would have us believe: That CM has less in common with the 'contemporary' pop sounds of the Beach Boys and their ilk, than he has to do with, say, Bing Crosby. Utter twaddle. 'Mechanical Man', 'Cease To Exist' and the rest, have not the sentiment or attitude, nor do they have the delivery, of a crooner. Likewise, neither does this untitled number here (the album itself is called *MANSON*).

A contender for awful screams in Rock is Baby Chaos. Listen to 'No Way' on their four-track EP *Golden Tooth* (EastWest) – proof positive that white man can't sing the blues. What we have here are chugga-chugga guitars playing chugga-chugga pop. Consolation is that Baby Chaos have yet to discover the groove. Alas, wah-wah pedal is already creeping in, as evidenced in the closing track, 'The Earth Is Dying, But Never Mind'. Primal beckons? Stay tuned.

Not much by way of 7" singles this time around. Girls Against Boys with 'Sexy Sam/I'm From France' (Touch and Go), a shuffling golden slipper shoved into Rock's slowly closing doorway, eccentric sound and not without merit. The b-side carries the line, 'I'm from France/That's why I dance', so we don't play it any more.

No such luck with 'One Title', however, the latest

platter from drums and guitar two-piece, ASCENSION (Shock/Fourth Dimension). That's free-form drums and guitar. Don't expect this to be a whistling favourite of local window-cleaners – two sides later and you're still wondering what it's all about. The most uniformly vicious slice of vinyl this side of placing your head on the tracks. Limited to 400 only.

Certainly, as far as audio cassettes go, *The Chaos Engine* from THE WASP FACTORY is a nicely packaged effort. It has on the front of the case, what looks like, melted orange plastic in the shape of a wasp and a clock. As for the music inside – it's awful. Synth pop songs of the New Romantic era. If that wasn't bad enough (and it is), The Wasp Factory are a one-man band.

Exposing Italian Underground (HEALTER SKELTER ORG.) is a compilation cassette of 300 numbered copies only (ours is number 157). Sixty-minutes long, complete with booklet, it features a cross-section of industrial/electronic music from such Italian bands as Atrax Morgue, X4U, and Runes Order. That's correct, people you've never heard of. Not at all unpleasant and posing no real threat. *Exposing Italian Underground* is (kinda) interesting because it does offer musical tribute to an area unknown. Are you buying that?

Other discs received: Grifters, *Crappin' You Negative* (Southern Studios); Crust, *Crusty Love* (Trance Syndicate); Splintered, *The Judas Cradle* (Dirtier Promotions); Understand, *Bored Games* EP (label?); The Croyland Chamber Orchestra, *Principles of Orchestration* (Open University). Thanks, but space restricts.

Medical Science Can't Account For Them, Dept

SEE HEAR mail order catalog #26 has a photo of Nixon and The Carpenters on its cover. They stock everything from *Headpress* through to unsavory trading cards, rock books, and spoken words cassettes. Cool on tap.

Michael Saint, owner of ST. MICHAEL'S EMPORIUM in New York, uses a less conventional type of leather called tanned cowhide. "The vegetable tanning process takes longer, and is much more expensive than the chrome tanning process, but the result is a thick, rigid leather that can be used as actual armour." People often find it difficult to believe that Michael practices medieval sword fighting, but that he does, and also does he design and construct leather body pieces. His latest catalogue, #5, carries a vast array of face masks (from Mardi Gras to Institutional types for those 'out of control patients', natch), Roman Legionnaire chest plates, Mistress corsets, Valkyrie bras, arm bands, battle helmets, codpieces, belts, gauntlets, the lot. This isn't simply a catalogue of fetish wear, but a veritable armoury (a complete, customized, top-to-toe outfit will take up to six months to realize and put you back in the region of \$4,000). Michael also creates art pieces for the office and home. Among the most fantastic of these is the 'Firedrake IV-B Battle Helmet'. Each catalogue is a refundable \$3.00.

There's no doubt about it, Steve Midwinter's DARK CARNIVAL catalogue has mutated into quite an intimidating

beast. Supplement 3 is proof of that. A big barrel of fantasy, horror, sleaze and esoteric zines, trading cards, and books from around the globe. Indeed, a fine hunka material from one who is genuinely dedicated to the stuff.

Where and how to find sex shops, sex books, sex bars and clubs in Belgium, that's *Moda Moda's GUIDE DU FETICHISME ET DE LA DOMINATION*. (Check out the fetish restaurant - 343 Chaussée de Waterloo.) Comes complete with a contacts ad supplement. *Bon physique, ayant perdu le sens des mots interdits et tabous.*

Just Then The Car Exploded, Dept

Here are some reviews sent in to us. Any thing, any topic, up to 300 words-or-so, with enough response we'll make this department a regular fixture.

Final Truth: Autobiography of a Serial Killer

Donald 'Pec Wee' Gaskins, as told to Wilton Earle (Mondo Books 1993, £4.99)

Transcribed from tapes made by Gaskins on Death Row in 1990-91, *Final Truth* is - literally - a hell of a book. Fancy yourself as a connoisseur of atrocity? Grooved on Henry: *Portrait of a Serial Killer*? I defy you to read Gaskins' deadpan recounting of cutting off a girl's tit, cooking it and eating it in front of her, or his *verité* account of sodomising and strangling a two-year-old, without being filled with the pity and terror that Aristotle defined as the hallmark of authentic tragedy. Gaskins takes the reader through his predictably appalling childhood, his career of petty crime and womanising, to the moment he compares to Paul's revelation on the road to Damascus: '... once I had made up my mind and decided she was going to die anyhow, I could do anything I wanted to her.' Thereafter, he kills and tortures with relish until his final arrest, estimating his final body count at 31 people he knew (his 'serious murders') and around 110 complete strangers. His attitude throughout is one of gleeful lack of remorse - the only comparably defiant crime memoirs I know of are those of Carl Panzram, currently being filmed. Gaskins' wretched existence has now been terminated, so there are no plans for a sequel to this chilling gaze into the abyss.

[Sierra Charlic]

Anarchy

Chumbawamba [album, One Little Indian Records]

Any pretentious sausage who reckons life is a series of mutually exclusive pigeon-holes labelled 'music', 'politics', 'religion', etc., will *not* be impressed. But music/politics can't be split any more than physics can from philosophy - the real world's full of connections and combinations: wealth and poverty, industry and famine. Look at Chumbawamba. The band can simultaneously be brash and compassionate, witty and profound, idealistic and down-to-earth. Far from sitting down and whimpering 'How I wish we could all live in peace and the world would change' and then writing a song about getting laid, they sing about what they mean.

Anarchy is no exception. Totally diverse, catchy without being bland, and smashing pigeon-holes to smithereens, this isn't the naive and *passé* voice of bubblegum Sixties, but anger with a song in its heart. [*This is the trouble with not writing your own reviews...* Eds.]

[Karen Richards]

Skin

Kathe Koja [Millennium 1993, £4.99]

I came to this book with high expectations, as Koja has garnered rave reviews in the fan press, much talk of the 'best new voice in horror for years' sort, and even some attention from the Sunday supplements. But I have to say I was bitterly disappointed. As Wayne and Garth would say, this book sucks donkeys. *Skin* tells the story of Tess, a sculptor working in welded scrap metal (who bears a strong resemblance to the female lead in the 1990 *Hardware*, a film so bad it sucks donkeys for a living). She meets a dancer, the delightfully-named Bibi Bloss, and together they form an industrial performance art group, the Surgeons of the Demolition, and become successful. Unfortunately, Bibi becomes drawn to ever more extreme body art rituals of a blood-letting kind, and everything goes off the rails. There is a half-assed lesbian flirtation between Tess and Bibi, but nothing comes of it, mainly because Tess is such a miserable, self-absorbed cow that she can't really relate to anyone else. I didn't finish the book, so I don't know who winds up dead. Don't much care either - I didn't find any of the characters particularly engaging.

So why did I dislike this book so much? Koja writes about 'modern primitives' with no real understanding or sympathy - she at least has the honesty to cite the RE/Search volumes on *Modern Primitives* and *Industrial Culture* as source material at the beginning of *Skin*, but her insight goes no deeper than a superficial skim through these books could take it (and I write that as a pierced, tattooed sculptor working in forged and welded steel with a long-standing interest in Industrial music). The whole scene is merely co-opted as fashionable scenery for a pretty thin story. The writing style is standard-issue utility modern - short, clipped sentences for urgency and impact, lots of fancy metaphors. Most amazingly, there is no real horror - the book didn't jolt me once.

I honestly can't see why other people seem to rate Koja's work so highly. But then, I find Clive Barker's output pretty variable in quality, so what do I know?

[Sierra Charlic]

Contacts

ASCENSION

56 Beresford Road, Chingford, London. E4 6EF
Write for details.

ASIAN TRASH CINEMA: THE BOOK

ATC/ETC Publications, PO Box 5367, Kingwood Texas 77325, USA.

\$19.95 (plus p&p US - \$2.90; outside US - ?)

BACK BRAIN RECLUSE

PO Box 625, Sheffield, S1 3GY, UK.

£3.50/\$10.00 each (in p&p), payable to 'Chris Reed'.
 ByPASS
 Box B., 111 Magdalen Road, Oxford, OX4, UK
 Send publications for review, or £1.00 (\$3.00 overseas) for a sample copy, p&p paid.
 CHEESES INTERNATIONAL
 c/o Steve Fricker, 783a Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH7 6AW, UK.
 Write for details and catalogue.
 CHILDREN OF A FAR GREATER GOD
 2nd Floor, 221 Ashmore Road, Queens Park, London, W9 3DB, UK.
 Issues #2, 3, 4: UK - £2.00 each (inc p&p)
 DARK CARNIVAL DISTRIBUTION
 c/o Steve Midwinter, 21 Avon Road, Scunthorpe, South Humberside, DN16 1EP, UK.
 One year subscription (1 catalogue/3 supplements): UK - £1.50; Europe - £2.50; USA/elsewhere - \$5.00
 THE EMPTY QUARTER
 PO Box 87, Ilford, Essex, IG1 3HJ, UK
 MFTEQ 9: UK - £2.00; Europe - £3.00; elsewhere - £4.00 (inc p&p)
 MFTEQ *Ghafran* CD/book: UK/Europe - £13.20; elsewhere - £14.00 (inc p&p)
 ESSA DISTRIBUTION
 PO Box 1621, 25806 Husum, Germany.
 Write for details.
 EXPRESSIONS OF DREAD
 Horror Society, 21 Washington Place, No. 51, New York, NY 10003, USA
 Write for Details.
 FACTOR PRESS
 PO Box 8888, Mobile, AL 36689, USA
Solo Sex - \$14.95; *The Virility Factor* - \$12.95; *Indecent Exposures* - \$9.50. P&P remains \$6.00 whether ordering one or more of the titles.
 FATAL VISIONS
 PO Box 133, Northcote, VIC 3070, Australia
 Australia - \$4.50; outside Australia - \$6.00 (inc p&p)
 FIRST PROTOCOL
 Oakover House, 18 Broomfarm Rd, Cobham, Surrey, KT11 3AX, UK.
 Write for Details.
 GOOD TASTE GONE BAD
 Good Taste Productions, PO Box 267869, Chicago, IL 60626, USA.
 GUIDE DU FETICHISME ET DE LA DOMINATION
Modo Moda, 7 Rue de L'Eglise, (B) 1060 Bruxelles, Belgium.
 Guide issue #5: 20FF
 HEALTER SKELTOR ORG.
 c/o Alessandro Papa, Via Zuccardi Merli 3, 40141 Bologna, Italy.
Exploding Italian Underground: UK/Europe - \$7.00; USA/elsewhere - \$8.00 (post paid)
 KINKKAZE: REPORT FROM THE UNDERGROUND
 Mischievous Productions, 295 Wendover, Thurlow Street, London, SE17 2UW, UK
 £1.50 (inc p&p)

MANSON
 Warloch, PO Box 1962, Dearborn, MI 48162, USA.
 UK/Europe - \$15.00 (inc p&p).
 MENTALLY PENETRATED BY AN ACID ENEMA
 4 James Street, Abertillery, Gwent, NP3 1AA, UK
 £1.50 (inc p&p) payable to L. Phillips.
 METROPOLIS
 10 Curry Close, Dunvant, Swansea, SA2 7PL, UK
 £1.95 (inc p&p). Send two £1 coins and you get 5p back.
 MIDNIGHT IN HELL: THE WEIRDEST TALES OF FANDOM
 The Cottage, Smithy Brae, Kilmacoll, Renfrewshire, PA13 4EN, UK
 UK £3.00; US - \$7.00; Australia - \$9.00 (inc p&p)
 PARASITE
 Peter Sotos, PO Box 171, 2524 N. Lincoln, Chicago, Illinois 60614, USA.
 \$40 (12 issue annual subscription)
 PERFORMANCE/AWARENESS RECORDS
 PO Box 156, New Brunswick, NJ 08903-0156, USA
 PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO
 3309 Rt. 97, Narrowsburg, New York, 12764-6126, USA
 \$4.00 (plus p&p US - \$1.50; outside US - \$3.00)
 QUEM
 BM 2182, London, WC1N 3XX, UK.
 Cash only: UK/Europe - £5.00; USA/elsewhere - \$12.00 (inc p&p)
 RANDALL PHILLIP PUBLICATIONS
 PO Box 2217, Philadelphia, PA 19103, USA
 Write for details.
 REALM OF THE VAMPIRE
 PO Box 517, Metairie, LA 70004-0517, USA
 For rates see ad elsewhere this issue.
 THE RESULT OF RANDOM CHANCE
 c/o Mark F., 22 Heath Street, Black Heath, Rowley Regis, W. Mids, B65 0DG, UK.
 Write for details.
 SAVOY
 279 Deansgate, Manchester, M3 4EW.
Reverbstorm 1 (with CD): £3.50. *Reverbstorm 2*: £2.50 (inc p&p)
 SCHRAMM
 Jelinski & Buttgerit, Postfach 1621D, 25806 Husum, Germany
 Write for catalogue.
 SEE HEAR CATALOG #26
 59 East 7th Street, New York, NY 10003, USA
 US - \$2.00; outside US - \$3.00
 ST. MICHAEL'S EMPORIUM
 156 East Second Street, Suite One, New York, NY 10009, USA.
 Business hours: Tues-Sat., 1-7pm. Catalogue #5: \$3.00 (refundable if not happy).
 THE WASP FACTORY
 Lee Holder, 100 Ashlands Road, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos., GL51 0DH
 Write for details.

next issue... **Ha, Ha, Ha...**

Beyond the



Borderland

The publishers of HEADPRESS announce the launch of a new

VISION. These stylish, large format (200mm x 267mm) perfect-bound volumes continue the high-standard of investigative writing expected of HEADPRESS, on subjects such as sex, art, religion, fanaticism, film, pornography, literature, sleaze, musical extremes, and death. **CRITICAL VISION** is an intelligent, comprehensive, informative and imaginative series aimed at a discerning adult readership. Each edition is illustrated throughout and carries an index.

The first two volumes under the **CRITICAL VISION** imprint will be released late-Summer 1994. Advance orders are now being taken.

CRITICAL VISION

RANDOM ESSAYS AND TRACTS CONCERNING SEX • RELIGION • DEATH

Edited by David Kerekes & David Slater

A collection of the best articles from the rare early issues of **HEADPRESS** magazine, notorious out-of-print collectors' items. Fully updated and revised, with the inclusion of new material especially commissioned for this volume, **CRITICAL VISION** takes to exploring the events of the Black Plague from within a religious and political frame; Mr Punch, sex-killer puppet; two decades of pornographic comicbooks (including rare British titles *Raw Purple* and *Truly Amazing Love Stories*); Douglas Clark on Death Row accused of the 'Sunset Strip Murders'; hookers for Jesus; visit to a miracle crusade; and many others. **CRITICAL VISION** launches the new **HEADPRESS** book imprint and is fully illustrated throughout with rare and shocking photographs.

ISBN 0 9523288 0 1 252 pages • Illustrated • Index

UK £9.95/US \$19.95 *



SEX MURDER ART

THE FILMS OF JÖRG BUTTGEREIT

David Kerekes

HEADPRESS magazine co-editor David Kerekes has produced the definitive book on the controversial young German film director, Jörg Buttgerreit, whose works *NEKROMANTIK*, *NEKROMANTIK 2*, and *DER TODESKING* have already earned him a reputation as one of the most original, innovative and *dangerous* of all modern filmmakers. Straddling both horror and art-house genres, Buttgerreit's films deal explicitly with death, and feature graphic images of necrophilia, murder and suicide. The author uses detailed analysis of all the films, over 140 rare – many unpublished – photographs, extensive personal interviews with Buttgerreit and his principal actors, and an on-the-set report from his latest picture *SCHRAMM*, to create a comprehensive and illuminating study. **SEX MURDER ART** is possibly the ultimate testament to the obsession, paranoia and politics of underground filmmaking.

ISBN 0 9523288 2 8 176 pages • Illustrated • Index

UK £9.95/US \$19.95 *



* Price includes P&P within the UK; Europe please add £1.50; USA & elsewhere add \$5.00



HEADPRESS MAGAZINE

HEADPRESS, the journal of Sex Religion Death. 68 pages, A4-sized and for ADULTS ONLY (age statement is required). Issue numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 are **SOLD OUT**. Limited quantities of the following are still available.

HEADPRESS 5: Hell on Earth issue Douglas Clark and the Sunset Strip Murders, Morbid Curiosities, head-drilling filmmaker Andy Bullock, Extremes in Music, more!

HEADPRESS 7: 666 Vomitus Maximus, Ari Roussimoff on the Green River Killer, the 'real' Yorkshire Ripper revealed, bestiality, suicide, more!

HEADPRESS 8: Big Sexyland Patrick Collins interview pt. 1, Genitorturers, Steve Johnson and the Stephen King conspiracy, smut, porn, sex-puppet of the Hillside Strangler, more! £3.50 / \$7.00 each (P&P: UK paid; Europe add £1.00; USA & elsewhere add \$3.00)

KILLING FOR CULTURE

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF DEATH FILM FROM MONDO TO SNUFF

David Kerekes & David Slater

Kerekes and Slater of **HEADPRESS** magazine have produced **KILLING FOR CULTURE**, a definitive investigation into images of death – both staged and real – which have been captured on film or videotape: the complete history of 'mondo' films and 'snuff' movies. Included is a critique of feature films which have incorporated a snuff element, from *Peeping Tom* to *Videodrome*; an analysis of mondo movies or 'shockumentaries', from the very first *Mondo Cane* to *Faces of Death* and the present-day phenomenon of 'death compilation' videos; the validity of supposed snuff footage, and its links with certain individuals and organisations such as The Process, Hollywood society, Leonard Lake and Charles Ng, Henry Lee Lucas, paedophile rings etc; a summary of other real deaths captured on film such as live-TV suicides, executions, newsreel footage etc; plus a comprehensive filmography. The whole book is profusely illustrated with rare and incredible photographs from cinema, documentary and real life. **KILLING FOR CULTURE** is a necessary book which examines and questions the primeval human obsession with images of violence, dismemberment and death, and the way our society is coping with an increased profusion of these disturbing yet compelling images from all quarters.

"Yeruch." – *The Sunday Times*

"...not a book to read on the tube...a definitive study." – *Sight and Sound*

384 pages • Illustrated • Index

£10.95 / \$19.95 (P&P: UK add £1.00; Europe £1.50; USA & elsewhere add \$5.00)

KILLER KOMIX VOL 1

Seven artists interpret the life, times and twisted fantasies of such true crime figures as *Son of Sam*, Charles Manson, Dennis Nilsen, Jeffrey Dahmer, *The Night Stalker*, Ed Gein, *Psycho*, *The Zodiac*, *The Vampire of Sacramento*, Michael Ryan, Reggie No Dick, *The Honeymoon Killers* ... Mind blowing madness, not for the feint of heart or chicken of liver. Complete with artist references as to why they came to choose the 'aberration' they did.

"A grisly gallery of graphic horror ... If there's anyone who still perceives comics as a juvenile medium inappropriate for adult topics, **KILLER KOMIX** is just the kick up the arse they need to boot them into the real world." – *The Dark Side*

116 pages • Perfect-bound • A4-sized

Softback: £5.99 / \$12.00 (P&P: UK paid; Europe £1.50; USA & elsewhere add \$5.00)

Special Edition Hardback : 100 copies only, individually numbered. Beautiful. Destined a true crime classic everywhere. £12.99 / \$25.00 (P&P as for softback)

THE SLAUGHTER KING Crime Fiction by Simon Whitechapel

A sadistic serial killer is leaving a seemingly random trail of butchered corpses, both male and female, across Europe. He kills and mutilates with the anatomical precision of a surgeon, the flair of a surrealist painter, the insatiable ferocity of a beast. The Slaughter King. Aided only by a dying girl who alone holds the key to the atrocities, policewoman Alanna Kirk trails the psychopathic destroyer through a dark underworld of S&M sex, organized crime and police corruption, only to find that there are those who want the Slaughter King very much alive and on the streets ...

Seen through the eye of a doomed lesbian love triangle, the series of dark and bloody events leads to an inexorable climax of violent, sudden death.

"We were not looking for the most disgusting passage of sexual description to be found in the hard- or soft-core porn market, if that had been the intention, I suppose first prize would have gone to ... THE SLAUGHTER KING." —Auberon Waugh, *Literary Review*

£7.95 / \$15.95 (P&P: UK paid; Europe add £1.00; USA & elsewhere add \$3.50)

THE FAMILY THE MANSON GROUP AND ITS AFTERMATH Ed Sanders

The love generation. By 1969 the kids of free love and psychedelia were turning on again – not to love, but to extortion, murder, weird cults, and bizarre sex. Charles Manson, veteran of the American prison system, established a commune of hippy followers in the California desert with himself as 'daddy', lover, and saviour. The rest is history. This, a revised and updated edition of Ed Sanders' own seminal work on Manson, his 'family', the Sharon Tate killings and California acid trips – replete with multifarious anecdotes from the mad, bad, drop-out Sixties – brings the whole bloody case slap up-to-date, to conclude with a *where are they now?* section.

486 pages • Illustrated

£9.99 / \$19.95 (P&P: UK add £1.00; Europe £1.50; USA & elsewhere add \$5.00)

MONSTERS OF WEIMAR THE STORIES OF FRITZ HAARMANN/PETER KÜRTE

In Weimar, Germany, before the last war, human vampires stalked the streets... *Fritz Haarmann*, 'the Butcher of Hanover', captured young men to satisfy his sexual desires; to satiate his bloodlust and to stock his butcher store with the flesh of their young bodies. *Peter Kürten* was known as 'the Vampire of Düsseldorf' during his reign of terror. No human being was safe – the epitome of pure evil, even the knowledge of his coming execution filled him with pleasure. For the first time ever the classic case histories of these two human monsters ('Haarmann: The Story of a Werewolf', 'Peter Kürten: A Study in Sadism', and 'The Sadist') – studies banned by Hitler soon after he came to power – appear together in one volume. With an introduction by Colin Wilson.

306 pages • Illustrated

£7.50 / \$15.95 (P&P: UK add £1.00; Europe £1.50; USA & elsewhere add \$3.50)

KNOCKIN' ON JOE VOICES FROM DEATH ROW Edited by Sondra London

From deep inside America's death rows and maximum security prisons come the voices of: *G.J. Schaefler* – the infamous convicted killer who witnessed the executions of many others, while escaping death himself. *Robert Fieldmore Lewis* – the only escapee from Florida's Death Row, writing about prison, his life of crime, and sharing a cell with Ted Bundy. *Joseph O'Dell* – vicious killer or innocent man? O'Dell articulates his thoughts on crime, punishment, and the confined world of violent men that he inhabits. *Danny Rolling* – one of America's most dangerous criminals, facing five death sentences. And others including *Ottis Toole*. ADULTS ONLY.

313 pages • Illustrated

£7.50 / \$15.95 (P&P: UK add £1.00; Europe £1.50; USA & elsewhere add \$3.50)



T-shirts. Sick Man Motif.
£7.99 / \$15.00 (P&P: UK add £1.00; Europe £1.50; USA & elsewhere \$4.00).
For a full range of T-shirts and merchandise send SAE/IRC to the address below.

• HEADPRESS MERCHANDISE •

Headpress, PO Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET, Great Britain

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering, allow up to 28 days for delivery. Make cheques and postal orders payable to HEADPRESS. No foreign cheques, please. Eurocheques acceptable in pounds sterling. Cash acceptable in UK or US currency (but send it registered or something). An SAE/IRC gets our complete catalogue. DISTRIBUTORS & STORES: Trade prices are available on request.

raging to get out...



**Necrophilia; Franko B; Roscoe Bowltree;
Transvestism; Violent Music; Exploding
Cinema; Crazy Rants; Crazy Guys; Dead MPs;
Braindead MPs; Toys; The Finest Culture
Guide this Side of Heaven and More...**